

The TATLER

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London, October 14, 1931

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P.3

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POSTAGE: Inland, 2½d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 5½d.

Price One Shilling



THE WONDER DOG, "MICK THE MILLER"

This smashing great dog, owned by Mrs. Kempton of Wimbledon, seen in the picture and trained by Orton at Walton-on-Thames, is the Alexander of his own little world. He runs with his head as well as his legs, and his recent victory in the Greyhound "Leger" was greeted with delirious excitement. His owner has announced his retirement from classic racing

The Letters of Eve



AT BRIGHTON RACES: MR. TOM WALLS AND MR. GEORGE POOLE

Mr. Tom Walls is only now recovering from a terrible bad fall he got out hunting with his own drag-hounds last season. He is almost as famous a trainer as he is an actor, and his training quarters are at Epsom. Mr. George Poole is the Lewes celebrity



IN THE PARK: LIEUT.-COMMANDER GEOFFREY AND LADY MARGARET HAWKINS AND THE HON. MRS. THOMAS BRAND AND HER DAUGHTER, SARAH

Lady Margaret Hawkins is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and her husband was Naval A.D.C. on the Earl of Athlone's Staff in South Africa, where they were married. The Hon. Thomas Brand, whose wife and small daughter are also in the picture, is Lord Hampden's son and heir

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1
HOW are things down your way, if it's not a rude answer? You'll have read about our spots of bother up here. I've encountered the persistent processionists more than once. They certainly impede progress, and their misguided activities will lead them nowhere except into trouble, but one cannot help being sorry for the poor devils, tramping aimlessly along with their grimy red trophies. Some of the marchers are undoubtedly bogus, but the others do look very dispirited, thin, and hungry.

The policemen's lot is less than ever a happy one on these occasions. And not a very pleasant prospect for them I should say during the next couple of weeks. I hear the "specials" are to hold themselves in readiness, but I can't believe that the General Election will be as riotous as some people seem to expect.

I don't fancy I shall be taking much part myself. The one and only time I tried canvassing—you know, ringing bells and saying, "Will you vote for Mr. A?" it wasn't altogether a success, as Mr. B got in by a largely increased majority. It really might be worth any would-be M.P.'s while to pay me a very round sum to come and work for his opponent.



ALSO AT BRIGHTON RACES: SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD AND MISS ROSE BINGHAM

The best brand of autumn weather favoured last week's meeting on the breezy Sussex Downs, and the gallery in consequence was a very good one. Sir Humphrey de Trafford is well known as a cross-country gentleman rider

Whatever the cause—political or pecuniary—the restaurants seem not as full as usual. I suppose it's a bit of both, though now people are reducing their households and even bidding good-bye to their cooks; they must eat somewhere. Perhaps Lyons' will be the smart place this year. What fun. It's been the secret haunt of some people for years, and now they'll be able to pretend they've set the fashion.

All the same, I saw Lady Juliet Duff lunching at the Ritz. Also, among others, Mrs. Rosa Lewis; she is a wonderful woman. What revelations she could make if she wrote her Memoirs! I believe she was supposed to be the central figure of a book by an American author—hardly a competent judge, one would imagine, of Edwardian heydays. Anyhow, the title, "A Queen of Cooks and some Kings," was the best part of it.

Lord and Lady Brougham, and a large *entourage*, were listening to a really marvellous coon singer at one of the better

known night clubs last week. Miss Hall is a great find. I'd already heard her at a Bohemian party given by the Plunket Greenes, but she was even more agreeable at second sight.

John Macklin is another entertaining new arrival. He is singing at the Café Anglais and the Café de Paris, and I believe we have to thank Mrs. "Pops" d'Erlanger for getting him a contract to come over from America. A splendid idea. But then she is full of them, and witty to boot, as well as being always exquisitely dressed. Her husband has a passion for flying and a 'plane of his own. He also plays backgammon *à merveille*, but only when visibility is too poor for sky-piloting.

Have you heard that Lady Sibell Lygon has deserted the cropping of heads for that of reputations in "Harper's Bazaar"?

That Miss Rosemary Glyn travelled down to Suffolk the other day in a luggage trailer with Mr. Peter Herbert, Miss Beryl Ackroyd, and Mr. Lionel Stone as good companions? Also that even in the wilds of the country she is reputed to change her outfit five times a day?

That a certain leading lady was offered and refused a pretty large sum to leave the cast of a successful production?

That the wife of the new Spanish Ambassador takes a great personal interest in her kitchen?

And, lastly, that Mr. Teddy Underdown achieved a great ambition when he got introduced to Miss Rose Bingham?

Shootin', fishin', and now huntin' again! Melton is, I believe, rather melancholy with many unlet houses in its midst. It relies a lot on imported sportsmen, and it's a pity that a tariff should virtually have been put on them first. However, there are plenty of natives, and if they can make ends meet to keep the fox from the door, sport should be better than ever.

New blood in Masters is provided by Mr. Hilton Green, who has come determined to improve the Cottesmore and more. Miss Marjorie Leigh is a deserter, as she is going to Ireland for the winter, but there's a chance of the Somerset Maxwells taking a house in the Belvoir country.

The Duke of Gloucester is a doubtful starter, owing to cuts financial and surgical, though he says his appendix was good riddance. Major and Mrs. Jack Leslie have gone to the Blankney country, leaving Warwick Lodge very empty, but Little Belvoir has struck extremely lucky by having Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Player to live in it. She is specially good for the eyes in every way, and I expect a lot of people will think it worth while to traverse the four miles of road from Melton.

Wicklow Lodge will be uninhabited until after Miss Elizabeth Harrison's wedding, for she is to be married from her Hertfordshire home. Captain Arthur Pilkington, the cause of all this, like shunting immensely, but has to make the wheels go round first, for he has vacated the army and taken to purveying motor-cars.

Colonel Colman has the Belvoir Hounds on his own and promises the best of fun; I'm told there will be no backchat with him. Lord and Lady Conyers are great ornaments of this pack and have a fine entry coming on. Miss Camilla Gurdon, whose passion in life is to be on a horse, hopes to practise this feat rather often during the winter. Happily recovered from an operation, she is going to be with Captain and Lady Enid Turnor on and off.

Miss Monica Sheriffe has taken vigorously to racing, having some horses in training with Major Vandy Beatty, but she will hunt as much as ever; so will Lady Warrender, though there will be a good deal of electioneering for her to do first of all.

Major and Mrs. Algy Burnaby will make Baggrave the core of the Quorn again; this country is full of people invaluable to your Eve, for they are likely to do exciting things at any moment. For instance, there is Miss Averil Furness; you know she had a tame zebra which resented being ridden and bit her in the leg?

Lord and Lady Blandford and Captain and Mrs. Kellett went off to hunt very large fry in Africa last winter, but in the proper patriotic manner will be *chez eux* this year.

Altogether, no doubt, we shall hear of good goings-on in Meltonia one way and another.

A really hearty laugh is invaluable in these decidedly depressing days, and I found a lot of people applying to the Marx Brothers for a tonic one night. Mrs. Richard Norton was one; Mr. and Mrs. David Bowes-Lyon and Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay were together, and Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid were also enjoying the fun. Mr. Cecil Beaton might be considered on the high-brow side, but he was not above joining in these particular revels; likewise Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, the brilliant young M.P., and Mr. Ian Murray.

Miss Phyllis Spender-Clay is full of dash, and for this purpose bought a second-hand Rolls, in which she spent the summer touring Europe. No mean feat was to do the trip from Venice to Munich in eighteen hours, starting at 2 a.m. and going via the Brenner Pass. And then they say the younger generation is idle!

(Continued overleaf)



ON SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Mrs. M. J. Potts and her fine Borzoi, "Maximus Romanoff," which was one of the army of distinguished canine aristocrats exhibited at this year's annual show of the Kennel Club, the seventieth to be held



SHOOTING PARTRIDGES IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

Howard Barrett

A group taken near Cotgrave, on Lord Manvers' estate. In front are—Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Mrs. W. E. Seely; standing—Mr. Edward Francklin (the Squire of Gonalston), Lady Sibell Lygon, Major Filmer-Sankey, M.F.H., Captain Milward, Mr. R. L. Francklin, and Mr. Bissill. Major Filmer-Sankey is in sole command of the South Notts Hounds this season, Mrs. Owen Taylor having resigned the joint Mastership

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

But it's goodbye to all tours abroad just now and everyone's hurrying home, though a few are called away. Rather fun to be going in the wonderful new P. & O. SS. *Strathnaver*.



AT THE LOWTHER COURSEING MEETING: LORD LONSDALE AND LORD SEFTON

Lord Lonsdale, as the world knows, is a great patron of most forms of sport, and coursing is one of them. At the Border Union (Lowther) Meeting at Carlisle, the dog that won the coveted Lonsdale Cup, "Juvenile Jockey," had done most of his training on London greyhound racing tracks. "Juvenile Jockey" could do nothing wrong and ran all his courses brilliantly

Jersey's brother, also sailed in her, but gets off at Port Said, for he is joining the 17th/21st Lancers in Cairo. Lord Rothermere made off in the opposite direction, having gone to Canada in the *Empress of Britain* which also transported Lord and Lady Ebrington to a like destination.

* * *

I hear that the reception given by Sir Stephen Demetriadi, the chairman of the East India section of the London Chamber of Commerce, to the members of the Indian Round Table Conference had everything in its favour. To begin with the host made all his guests feel at the top of their form: an enviable gift. Then Lord and Lady Ratendone (as Captain and Mrs. "Nigs" Freeman-Mitford are now known) lent their admirable house and garden near Regent's Park for this memorable gathering, and thirdly the sun shone persistently.

I can mention only a few of the distinguished visitors. There was the Maharajah of Burdwan, the ablest possible administrator of his own affairs of State; Sir Padamji Ginwala, from New Delhi, a member of the National Liberal Club; Sir Atul Chatterjee, the High Commissioner for India, who belongs to the Athenæum and is married to an Englishwoman; Sir Muhammad Shafi, a famous legal and educational light and a former Pro-Chancellor of Delhi University. The Aga Khan was in great conversational request and so was Sir E. Denison Ross whose gift of Oriental tongues is almost magical.

Lord Glenapp went off in her with his son and daughter, Patricia. As an example of absence of boat fever he could not be beaten, for I am told he was in his office ten minutes before the train left! Considering that he is bound for Australia I don't think that's bad.

Mr. Mansel Villiers, Lord



IN CHELSEA: MISS DIANA WYNYARD

The charming actress who is playing the part of Belinda in "The Old Bachelor," the Congreve play at the Lyric, Hammer-smith, is shortly off to New York to fulfil another engagement. Miss Diana Wynyard's Belinda is a definite tour-de-force

By the way, his wife, Lady Ross is on the committee of "Æolus," and that reminds me to remind you that the first of this enterprising musical society's winter series of concerts takes place at Brook House on October 21. It is to be an all-British affair both as regards music and musicians, and the flag falls at 10 p.m. As you know, Miss Olga Lynn is the able organizer and Mrs. Charles Aubrey Cartwright the chairman.

* * *

Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, and Belgium were among the many countries represented at the very big dinner given at the Criterion by the P.E.N. Club in honour of its tenth birthday. A most stimulating affair. Lots of celebrities of all ages and types, including John Galsworthy, the president, Mrs. Dawson-Scott, the founder, and Hermon Ould, general secretary.

Beatrice Kean-Seymour graced one table, Florence Kilpatrick another; Horace Shipp, conspicuous as ever by his unruly mop of black hair, was there, so was Henrietta Leslie, the author of "Mrs. Fisher's War," and Godfrey Winn, who has just finished a new novel. He belongs to the young P.E.N. Club, three of whose members recently paid an official call on Jugo-Slavia, a country where the craft of authorship is taken very seriously, especially by its younger generation.

Speaking of international ideals, Mr. Galsworthy deplored the fact that so often men and women showed more courage, more self-sacrifice, in fighting than in helping each other. Rather true nationally at the moment as far as we are concerned, isn't it? But anyway, Mr. Galsworthy believes in his own country, and said so emphatically.

Mrs. Dawson-Scott, on the other hand, told us that to be a citizen of the world was her ambition, so that it was rather apposite that her speech was followed by an invitation from the Hungarian representative to hold next year's P.E.N. Congress in Budapest.

* * *

Saying good-bye to Jeanette MacDonald at the Dominion was quite sob-making and she herself admitted to a lump in the throat. Her "How wonderful you are, you English" brought cries of "and what about we Scots?" and she had the right answer to that too. Never have I seen more brilliant use of smile, hands and heart. The whole house was hers and it seemed as if they'd never let her go. But she's coming back. "I must come back; you are so wonderful." And she's to play with Jack Buchanan. So cheer up chaps!—Ever, EVE.



AT CHEPSTOW RACES: COLONEL AND MRS. NORTON

A snapshot on the day that the Welsh St. Leger was run and won by Lord Astor's *Crème Brûlée*, an odds-on chance who scored in a common canter

More pictures of this event in next week's issue

AT THE PLAYHOUSES



"ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND": MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY (ELIZABETH), AND MR. LESLIE PERRINS (ESSEX)



MR. FREDERIC DE LARA, MR. MATHESON LANG (PHILIP), AND MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT (ISABELLA)



"THE ANATOMIST": MR. HENRY AINLEY (DR. KNOX), MISS BETTY HARDY (MARY BELLE DISHART), AND MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE (AMELIA DISHART)

The notable production of Mr. Ashley Duke's legend, "Elizabeth of England," from the German of Ferdinand Bruckner will be reviewed in next week's drama pages in this paper. It is an uncommonly good play magnificently acted by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who is seen at the moment when Essex did the most tactless thing of his career by surprising the Queen in her chamber before she had been painted and wigged. Mr. Matheson Lang's Philip of Spain is likewise an unusually fine performance. "The Painted Veil," which gives Miss Gladys Cooper one of the best acting chances of her life, is fully dealt with by our dramatic critic. It is not a very pleasant play but a very strong one. Mr. Henry Ainley has signaled his return after his long illness by presenting us with a wonderful picture of that ghoulish, Dr. Robert Knox, the great lecturer on anatomy, whose method of obtaining his subjects was to pay the professional murderers, Burke and Hare



IN "THE PAINTED VEIL": MISS GLADYS COOPER AND MR. ARTHUR MARGETSON

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

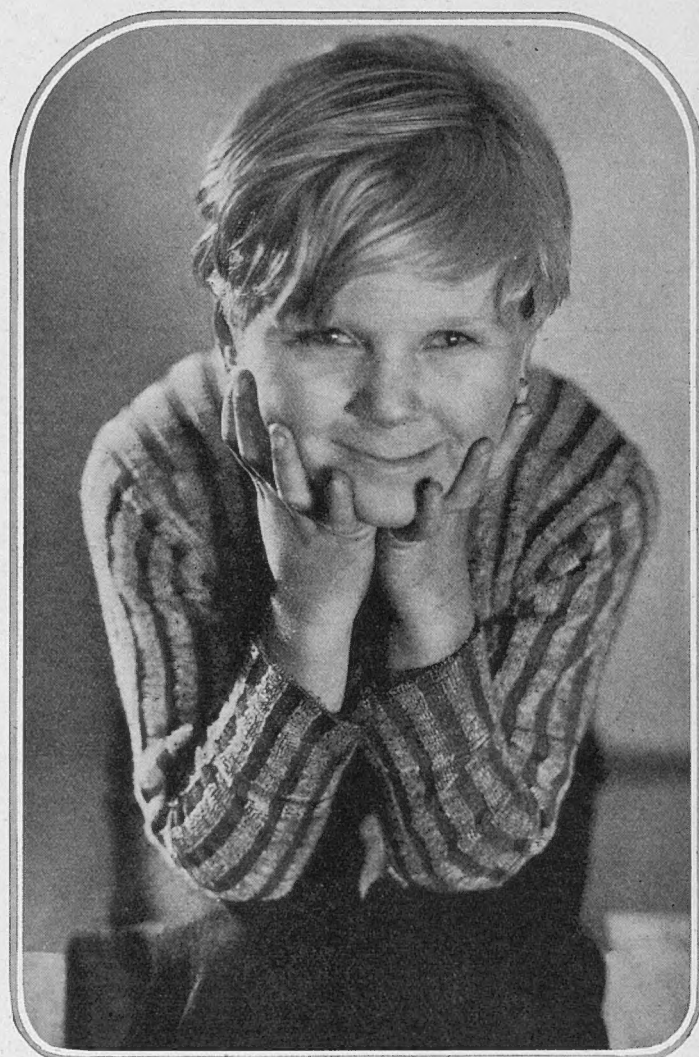
A DAY or two ago I lunched with two people who have achieved eminence each in his several way. One is an economist, though as he was our host I am glad to say that he gave no practical demonstration of economy. The other was a leader-writer, though his articles do not lead and can hardly be said to be written. Both of them undertook to explain the present economic situation to me. It appeared from their statements that this country was producing thousands more pairs of boots than were wanted, while by some curious freak thousands of people were walking about the streets obviously in want of new boots. The same with food. There was enough in the world to go round, they said, but the difficulty was to get it round. I asked whether this country could support itself. They said "Yes, but it would take time." I asked whether it couldn't stop having so many children. They answered "Yes, but that would take time also." The economist said he had bought an inordinate quantity of fowls whose output he proposed to boil, poach, fry, and treat in the manner recommended by Berry and Rossini. "Yes," said the leader-writer, "but you won't be allowed any chicken food!" His intention was to accumulate tissue-building foods, and in the cupboard under the stairs he already had forty-seven tins of tongue and ninety-three of Gentlemen's Relish. "You will be shot for hoarding," said the economist. Then they looked at me. "I shall lunch and dine at the Club!" I said. Which anyhow was typically English of me. There is a good story of a nobleman who, proposing to book his passage to Paris at Victoria had his attention, called by his valet to the fact that the man immediately in front of his lordship had dropped down dead. "Nonsense!" said the nobleman, "fetch a policeman!" The implication, of course, is that, like the motorist, death must stay his progress when the British policeman wills. The idea of law and order dies hard. There was the old lady who in 1915, when every country had declared for one side or the other, thought the Powers should intervene. There was the old lady who was heard to say recently: "My dear, it's in times like these that one realizes the comfort of a settled income!" "Is there anything left," I asked my two friends, "that you would consider stable?" Both replied: "Yes." But while the economist elected for football matches, the leader-writer opted for the films.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still—cinematography!

I said. "Exactly," they replied.

So once more the wheel comes full circle. *Panem et circenses* wrote Juvenal, and as both are in the accusative case I presume there is some more to the sentence. The old codger was making the discovery which every child makes that if it is going to the circus at night it doesn't care what happens to it during the day. The bit about bread is only put in because you can't cry with pleasure if you are also crying with hunger. When I was a kid I would willingly have made a compact with the Devil, or anybody else, to go to the dentist's every day if I was allowed to go to the pantomime every night. So is it now I am a man, at least as far as the films are concerned. To be taken out of oneself is the be-all and end-all of existence for people who have sufficient acquaintance with that self to want to be taken out of it. When the films do this they succeed; when they fail to do it, they fail.

The other day, and at the Plaza, I was for the better part of two hours completely taken out of myself by a rather foolish film, entitled *Murder by the Clock*. This began in the best Edgar Allan Poe manner with a gruesome old lady who had a private mausoleum in a churchyard contiguous to her house, a secret passage from the churchyard to her bed-room, and a horror of being buried alive. In the event of her demise she arranged to be placed in an open coffin with a bell-pull in reach of her hand. Mrs. Endicott also possessed a son who was a homicidal maniac and a nephew who was a dipsomaniac, and married to a woman who was a maniac without qualification. Presently Mrs. Endicott decided that to leave her millions to the ostensibly madder of her male relations was unwise. So she made a will in favour of the nephew whereby, as Lorelei would have put it, she became throttled. The throttler, of course, was the nephew, who realized that the advantage of having a homicidal maniac about the house is that any odd bits of throttling will be put down to him. The instigator in this matter was, of course, Laura, the nephew's wife, a real bad 'un, with lots of profile. Now Laura had a lover, one Lieutenant



ANOTHER "JACKIE"

It is Jackie Cooper this time, a clever little boy star who is working on a £250 a week contract in the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Donovan's Kid." He will end up a millionaire kid—same like Jackie Coogan. Jackie Cooper was in a film called "Skippy," at the Carlton some little time ago

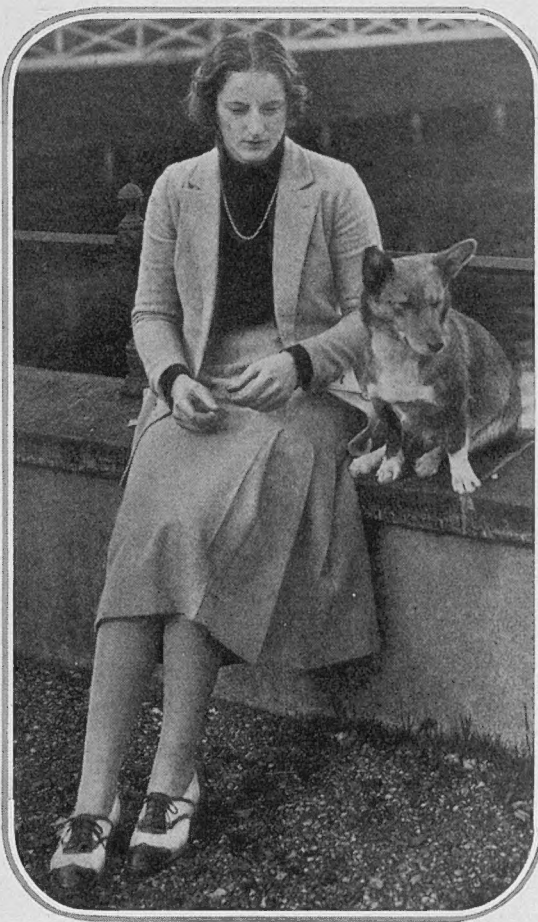
Valcour, whom she persuaded to throttle her husband. This was duly done, whereupon Laura visited the homicidal maniac, who was languishing in gaol for the murder of the old lady, and persuaded him to break loose and murder her lover. Which he did. But just about this time Mrs. Endicott, who had not been throttled enough, woke up in her mausoleum and rang the bell, whereby, since this throttling business was not getting too safe, Laura frightened her to death with the aid of a mask made by her lover who, I must now squeeze in, had been by way of being a sculptor. Throughout Laura appears to have acted on Macbeth's famous principle of: "To be thus is nothing, but to be safely thus." First the old woman, then her murderer, then his, and yet again his—the quartet strung up and the Endicott millions were safe. "That's that," said this artist in crime as she closed her string quartet in the detective's face. "Oh yeah!" said the detective, "but what about that finger-print you left on the mask?" And Laura's profile was of no further use to her. That this nonsense should take me out of myself I attribute entirely to the brilliant playing of Miss Lilyan Tashman, whom I salute as a real bad lot. I liked Mr. Irving Pichel's homicidal maniac too, for he really had something of the proper fee-fo-fum atmosphere about him, giving you to think that after murdering his victims he probably ate them. But all the cast was goodish. The main film was preceded by something called "The Viking," which was all about seal-fishing with a rifle in the Arctic! I suppose two men cannot be left on one floe in Greenland without loving the same girl in Newfoundland, or other sentimental barrier, and that when they accomplish on foot, snow-blind, and without food or shelter what would appear to be the greater part of that journey, nothing can prevent their reconciliation in the aisle of the parish church during Sunday evening service. But the film was a good one nevertheless, with some enchanting shots, including one of a little white seal which will send me back to one of Mr. Kipling's best short stories.

THE KENNEL

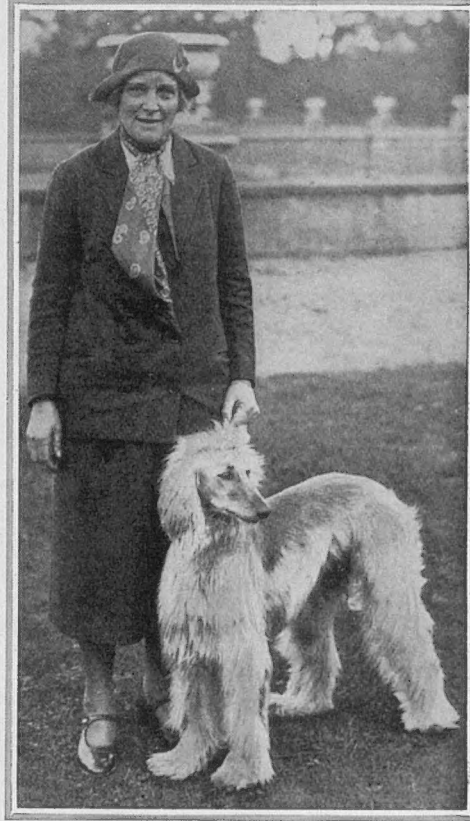
CLUB SHOW



MISS V. CROFT AND HER WINNING SHEEP-DOGS, "ROBBERY IN DAYLIGHT" AND "SUNSHINE BOGIE"



MRS. BRUCE FLETCHER AND HER WELSH CORGI, "SAL-O'R-BRYN"



MRS. L. PRUDE AND HER CHAMPION AFGHAN, "MARIKA OF BABERBACH"



LADY KITTY RITSON AND "DONALD OF TULCHAN"



MRS. MURRAY WILSON AND HER POODLES



LADY HUNLOKE AND "ZITTA VON SILBERBURG"

The great Kennel Club show at the Crystal Palace last week had an entry of 5,430, with an actual 2,368 dogs benched, which, if a bit below last year, is very good, especially at a moment when everyone is so hot on economy, and even poodle-faking is put down on the luxury list. Cocker spaniels again were the most numerous with Pekes and Cairns close up, and that beautiful dog, the Irish Setter, was fourth. A lot of the winners are in the pictures in this page, and a real good lot they look. The Old English Sheep Dogs, belonging to Miss V. Croft, collected several firsts. Mrs. Bruce Fletcher's Welsh Corgi, is a new-comer to the show-ring, but is well known in the Welsh hills. He is a fascinating little dog, with a head on him rather like a fox. Mrs. Prude got a championship ticket for the Afghan hound seen in the picture. The Saluki is rather the same family, but not the same breed. Lady Kitty Ritson bred Mr. Barker's "Donald of Tulchan," the Alsatian seen in the picture. One of Mrs. Murray Wilson's poodles, "Jolicœur," collected a championship, and they all look very like it. Lady Hunloke is with one of those jolly little dogs—the wire-haired Dachshunds

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE sales finished at Newmarket without a sparkle, and it must be admitted that the extremely moderate animals produced were as much responsible for the bad prices as the prevailing depression. In many ways this will benefit the horse-breeding industry and place it on a better footing by, perhaps, reducing stallion fees and by knocking out of the game the hundreds of people who rushed into it during the boom and bred from thousands of worthless mares. To supply the demand horses went to stud that should have been drowned before their eyes were open, and the result is being paid for now. One well-known character, a successful breeder, made his first appearance in the paddocks after a long illness, and his entry was remarked on by two of his friends. "Why, I'm dashed if there isn't old D—; I believe he's had an awful bad go with his liver." "Oh, ah," replied the other; as always removing a cigar whose sodden end must have been resting on his larynx; "well I'll say he tried it 21 lb. better than a good one."

On the course there was gossip galore, Gordon Richards leaving Lord Glanely to ride for Beckhampton vice Fred Fox, left apparently unexpectedly in the air, and young Rickaby being retained by Lord Glanely. It will be interesting to see, and the best possible thing for his education, how Richards will compete with the high-class, highly-strung two-year-olds he will meet, and if he can modify his methods in consideration of their important three-year-old careers. Rickaby may make into a really great jockey. Horses go for him as they only will for a man who is in sympathy with them, and he can ride a horse confidently home with his hands and legs without upsetting him more strongly than most jockeys riding to-day with all the aids. Not long ago in one of the leading daily papers in an article headed, "What is the Premier Worth? The best work is done for love," a comparison was made between the retainers presents and income of jockeys with those of Cabinet Ministers, and the reasons therefor inquired into.

It was pointed out that a jockey at the top of the tree may earn £20,000 a year to the Premier's £5,000. This seems most unkind. To an owner who bets or races for big stakes a good jockey in two stolen races repays his retainer, and the Premier is anyhow doing his best and cannot be grudged his £5,000 for all his worry. As regards worth in an open International market

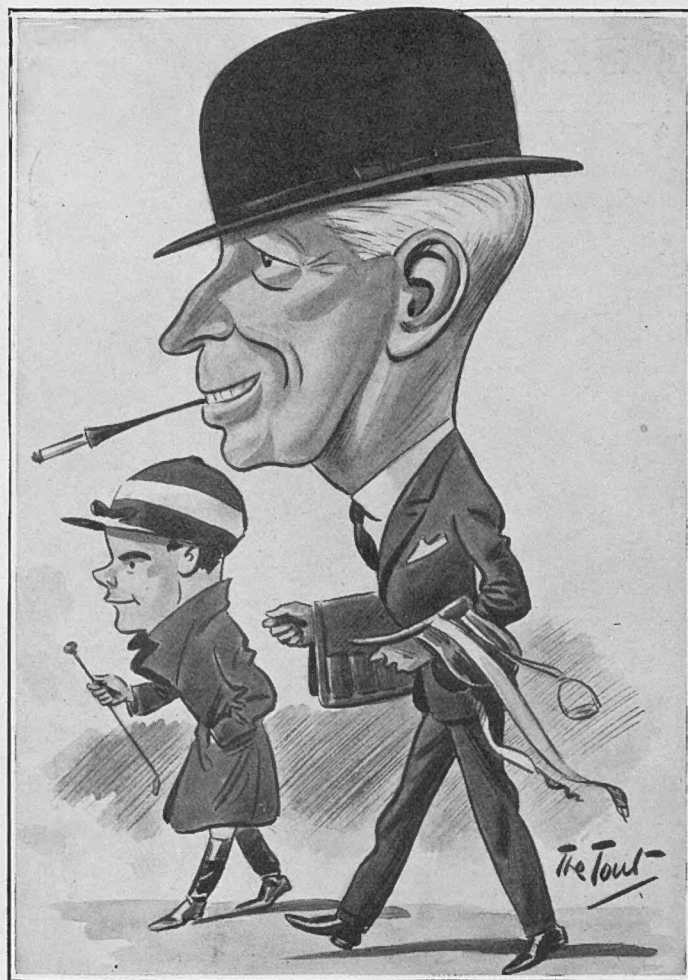
a good jockey would always fetch his retainer; but whereas for a Chatham, a Bismarck, or a Disraeli they would never stop bidding, most of our politicians would pass through the ring without a bid. A jockey wouldn't be worth much, either, if the pre-occupation of keeping his seat precluded all idea of winning his race. The best work may be done for love, but there are hundreds who give every satisfaction without a spark of affection.

Practically every race of any importance at the meeting was won by Manton who looks like easily making a record, and this without the aid of any of the classics or the Eclipse. Had Spenser not got slowly away and



KEEN RACE-GOERS: PRINCE ALI KHAN AND MISS ROSEMARY BAINBRIDGE

The Aga Khan's son is not only a keen spectator but a very keen G.R. and also an owner, and if report speaks truly will enlarge the scope of his operations next season and buy more horses.



CAPTAIN TOMMY HOGG AND GORDON RICHARDS

Captain Tommy Hogg trains for Lord Glanely, and has British Sailor in to-day's Cesarewitch, for which Friendship (Sir Abe Bailey's) is favourite at the time of going to press. Gordon Richards is the first jockey this season, but goes to Beckhampton next season.

been beaten a head the ring would had a severe jolt, as nine people out of ten had accumulated Inglesant, Crème Brûlée, and Spenser. The worst upset of the meeting was the defeat of Singapore, with Khorsheed out of the first three and behind his stable companion, Ut Majeur. The race was said to be very slowly and falsely run, but the latter looked like beating the former under any conditions. He could have won the Cesarewitch as a three-year-old with 9 stone, but he has been taken out. Portlaw duly obliged the intrepid ones who laid long odds on and came out of the struggle little richer and a bit older.

Nottingham on the Monday and Tuesday is a very pleasant little meeting at which it is almost impossible to bet, but two of the races are of interest. The course is the antithesis of Newmarket, and Lord Bill and Gay Lord may have left their efforts too late, but Disarmament had the race won from the moment they topped the rise, and on this form, if he gets the trip, the six pounds worse terms won't stop him in the Cambridgeshire. The long distance race has little or no bearing on the Cesarewitch, though it is said the owner of the winner has him mixed in some fantastic doubles with his Cambridgeshire horses.

This meeting in the middle of the hunting countries generally attracts a fairish attendance of foxhunters, who come straight on after their morning's cubbing. This accounted for the "Lady Di" appearance of one of our best-known racecourse habitués, and not as some thought that she was going to jump through a hoop after the apprentice race.

The last race was a triumph for Joe Childs on Pahokee. The handful of runners kept together till a quarter of a mile from home when Childs, after taking a look over his shoulder, shot his horse out. C. Richards, on the odds-on Old Orkney, hardly let him get a hundred yards start before setting after him, and was beat.

In the Cambridgeshire, always the most difficult race of the year to win, or of which to find the winner, the best handicapped animal seems to be Links Tor, but my preference is for Gay Lord and Lord Bill.

IN TOWN AND OUT OF IT!



LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE AND PRINCESS ALICE
COUNTESS OF ATHLONE



THE IRISH LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS PENTONY



AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH
AND THE HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH



IN THE PARK: THE MASTER OF LINDSAY AND
JOHN OAKSHOTT (GENTLEMAN IN CARRIAGE)

The slight hitch which occurred over the marriage arrangements for the 24th of Lady May Cambridge and Captain Henry Abel Smith, and necessitated a special licence, was due to the fact that in the case of Royal marriages, banns cannot be published without the consent of the King. It is probable that very few more popular weddings have ever been toward, and quite apart from the popularity of the charming bride and her bridegroom, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice are beloved by all who have ever come in contact with them. Miss Pentony is seen nursing the Irish Ladies' Golf Championship Cup which she won at Rosse's Point, Co. Sligo. The Master of Lindsay is Lord Balniel's son and the Earl of Crawford's grandson. Lady Oxford and her son are so well known that their picture can be left to speak for itself

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

The Charm of Getting Nowhere-in-Particular.

SOME people's lives are like the nicest country drives in a motor-car *de luxe*. That is to say, there is no real definite object at the end of the drive, but the going is leisurely and delightful. Stopping here and there to enjoy the glory of some landscape. Linger in shady lanes. Setting out a-foot to visit places which seem to promise interest. The whole an enchanting, leisurely jaunt undeterred by any other consideration than the entertainment of the moment. I hate driving with people whose main object is to *get there*. Unless, of course, to get there quickly holds something of vital importance. Otherwise, how boring it is to be hurled through the countryside at fifty miles an hour, when you could do it quite as comfortably in a train, and moreover be able to pass the time reading a book. For me, the only charm of driving in a motor-car is that it does, or should, enable one to enjoy the world's pageantry leisurely and in delightful comfort. To dash through towns and villages, to be whisked at a death-inviting pace through valleys and over hills, to miss everything worth seeing, simply in order to get somewhere in time for something of no importance, is to forego the one real joy which a mechanically-propelled vehicle has over the old-fashioned governess cart. And so it is in every phase of life—unless, peradventure, one has the foresight and the courage to be able to resist the moral forces of Ancient Authority. From childhood one is driven onward by a metaphorical big stick to get somewhere eventually—that somewhere being, of course, at the end of a most bumpy and tedious road. Whether it be to finish up as Lord Chancellor or to be entitled to hand round the offertory plate, it matters not; life, so we are told all along its difficult road, should lead to some kind of visible honour, inherent to having “arrived.” And so, in order to reach some definite goal in the least possible time, we neglect entirely the joys and delights which strew the path of getting there. Metaphorically speaking, we haven't time to linger in ecstasy before that vista, or to hold in the embrace of friendship some fellow pilgrim whom, once passed by, we know we shall never meet again. It's all very well to live keeping your nose to the grindstone; but if at the end of life the grindstone is all you have ever seen of life's possibilities, the result is a poor reward for all one's blind adherence to the call of one's ambition. Besides, you may die before ever you arrive, and then nothing in the life hereafter will compensate you for the simple joys on which you have turned your steadfast back while the go-getting there was pronounced good. Verily most of us collect our own mill-stones, adding them to the load with which

fate and circumstances and heredity, what you will, have already saddled us. No wonder most faces look old and worn, hard, disillusioned, and especially *uncager* long before their time.

* * *

A New Novel Which Gets Nowhere Delightfully.

I don't know if “Early Closing” (Constable. 7s. 6d.), by Miss D. Wynne Willson, is a first novel (at any rate, I have never heard her name before), but if it be so, then I do most heartily congratulate her on not spoiling her delightful novel by introducing a definite plot, and, more especially, a romance. Maybe, she is no good at plots. After reading her book, I think that this may well be the case. Much of the dialogue, though witty and humorous and extremely pointed, is like nothing one has ever listened to in real life, especially among schoolboys. The pity is 'tis so! On the other hand, she can describe isolated schemes in school life which make her book a posi-

tive joy to read. And although most of her characters the moment they open their mouths are coloured, so to speak, with the same brilliant brush, nevertheless, while they remain silent, they are admirably differentiated. Perhaps, like me, you are not in the least fond of novels dealing with public schools. You are tired of the same adolescent secrets therein revealed. You are weary of the literary photographs of schoolmasters, known to the author in his youth, and of the memory of his schooldays which he describes in his book at enormous length. Anything to do with Eton and the little “Etons,” for or against, has long since begun to bore you. If you are like me in this respect, don't, on the other hand, avoid reading “Early Closing.” It doesn't belong to that dull category at all. True,



Compton Collier

THE HON. MRS. MACDONALD-BUCHANAN AND HER CHILDREN

A recent and very attractive picture taken at Lavington Park, the Sussex seat of Lord Woolavington, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's father and the famous racing owner. Captain Reginald Macdonald-Buchanan is in the Scots Guards Reserve and assumed the additional name of Buchanan by deed poll on his marriage in 1922. He hunts with the Pytchley

the story is laid in a public school, but it is only incidentally a novel of school life. Rather it is a witty, brilliantly ironical, and most entertaining picture of men and women and boys who find themselves in a big public school, because, after all, a novelist's characters have got to be found somewhere. And every character is real and all are likeable. There are no lovers and no villains. From Mrs. Turvey, the school cook, who “like Peter Damiana could not withdraw the eyes of her mind from her tomb,” to William, the house master, who had been “whisked through his youth all unawares and now was being carried fussing down towards senility”—every character is alive, and because they are so alive the whole story attains reality. There is no plot, as I wrote above. The story gets nowhere. But the getting there is a series of most enjoyable occasions. The book is a brilliant *tour-de-force*.

(Continued on p. 58)

AN UNDER-VALUATION!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Blimey, lady, yer can't expect me to take less than fourpence, not with 'is bloomin' eye on me an' all"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Novel for Those who Like a "Pretty" Tale.

On the other hand, Mr. Warwick Deeping's new novel, "The Road" (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), is full of so-called "plot." And you don't believe a word of it! Every character in it was born and bred in a novel and could not possibly live and die except within a coloured dust-cover. Consequently, their lives make just "charming story"—if that is the kind of story you like. All the same, Mr. Deeping has made some bold bids. Like many people of an earlier generation he seems to shake his head wisely and force himself to view with kindly toleration the facts of birth-control, and to see the "better side" of what can only be described as a pre-matrimonial honey-moon; thus seeking to convince his readers that he is marching shoulder to shoulder with the modern attitude as symbolized in beach pyjamas. But the result is not very persuasive. Thus, the two young girls who help their worthy and heroic mother to "run" a tea-shop on what may well be the London-Brighton road, are, as everyone who hasn't drawn a muslin curtain before the facts of life realizes, two embryonic "tarts." In Mr. Deeping's hands, however, they are just acting a part. And to prove how fundamentally nice they are beneath all appearances, one is almost . . . and in a dark lane, but happily manages to resist the onslaughts of one of the most unconvincing villains I have ever met outside an early film. Thereafter, however, fate deals her a cruel blow.

Riding home one night on the pillion of a young man's motor-bike she meets with such an accident that, until nearly the end of the book, it looks as if she would be a cripple for life. And this being so it gives a chance to one of those charming elderly bachelors, who possesses the inevitable managing but adoring housekeeper, to fall in love with her, to hide his secret, and to be her bedside friend and comforter when it looked as if otherwise all the world were against her. Only, happily, he has his reward at last by the girl recovering the complete use of her limbs. Mr. Deeping concentrates on this temporary invalid, but I am not quite sure that she reacts to tragedy in the way by which real victims of life's more cruel onslaughts react to theirs. She weeps too obviously behind her smiles. Nevertheless, that is just the kind of thing which readers who like to be made pleasantly miserable so thoroughly enjoy. Moreover, everything comes so right at the end. And the mother of the two girls is such a perfect mother and such a dear, brave, over-worked, albeit undaunted woman. And the middle-aged bachelor is just the kind of man whom every lonely, middle-aged woman would like to meet some time in her life: infinitely wise, infinitely tender, with a comfortable income and passionately devoted to flowers. And these readers will simply *love* the book. The other kind—*won't*.

A Novel of Tremendously English People.

The publishers, Messrs. Ernest Benn, describe Mark Severn's novel, "Background," as an "essentially English book, written about England for the English," and it is all this. Yet,

I am not quite sure that it is meant to turn out exactly all that. Its truth to facts is sometimes disconcerting to national pride. It is a brilliantly clever novel; but I don't think that anyone who is not English, and "county-family" and "public-school" English at that, will quite realize its unusual quality. There is a very common type of Englishman—clean, manly, sport-loving, whose conventionality within these prescribed limits invites among outsiders respect, heavily tinged by complete boredom. Splendid fellows to work with, but especially to play with, but inexpressibly dull to talk to; that is, unless you so desire that your conversation should eternally go round and round in the circle of the concrete and the obvious. They attract and are attracted by their female counter-parts, who know most things about games, dancing, the more healthy flirtations, but have never been known to strike out mentally on their own in any direction. They are all so typically English that under no possible conditions could you mistake them for members of any other nationality. And it is because, consciously or unconsciously, Mark Severn has caught the stock-pattern of this type so well that it would take an English reader to understand and appreciate his book. The background which gives the story its title is the background of an ancient family residence, which has been handed down from father to son; each generation upholding the old traditions, or modifying them only under protest

and in the belief that the old country is now, unanswerably, going to the dogs. Feudalism, tempered by friendliness, but impervious to growth. So you are introduced to the various elderly members of the Shadbolt family—whose splendid traditions have certainly made England what it is, but, because of their rigid discipline, their concrete conventionality, they have ceased to lead. The War sounded their final passing-bell. Not only because it turned what formerly had been leadership into something merely of museum interest, but it released the younger generation before it too could be moulded into the traditional pattern. Yet, in the case of Martin Shadbolt, the spirit remained unquenchable. The War might carry him far afield, bring him up against life and death and suffering in the raw; nevertheless the calm beauty of his ancestral home and all that it meant to him in duty, patriotism, and peace, in tradition and in service, could not be broken. His unfortunate marriage with one of those rich, smart, heartless, brainless, yet sexually attractive post-War girls, was inevitable. The War sent most of us mad. We lost our reason, our forethought, our sense of proportion. "Background" gives not only an extraordinarily true picture of "public school" England; as well as an equally true picture of this England as War developed it, or rendered it futile, lent it greater dignity or simply made it silly. The story is full of types we know well—some of them only too well. It is the type which has built up the Empire without uttering *one* abstract thought. The world is better for this type—but not brighter.



Doctor: I hardly like to mention it, but that cheque you gave me—er—has come back
Patient: That's funny—so have all my symptoms!



By courtesy of the Fine Art Society and H. C. Dickens, the Publishers

SECURING THE BOATS

By Arthur Briscoe

A Rugby Letter

By
"HARLEQUIN"



THE HARLEQUINS XV

R. S. Crisp

The good side which beat the London Scottish 16 to 3 on the Richmond Athletic ground. The score under- rather than over-states the superiority of the winners. It was, however, a costly victory to them, and also probably to England, as J. S. R. Reeve had the bad luck to dislocate his shoulder. The names in this picture, left to right, are: Front row—G. B. Coghlan, J. S. R. Reeve, H. H. Fagnani (referee), P. W. Adams, A. E. C. Prescott, P. E. Dunkley, G. J. Dean; back row—J. R. Cole, D. H. Duder, D. R. S. Bader, C. Thompson, G. C. A. Adams, S. A. Block, C. R. Hinds-Howell, J. Marson, P. Hodge

THE names of the new selection committee were received with general approval, and Rugby followers will await the result of their labours with something like confidence. After the fiascos of last season some changes were inevitable, and this year's selectors cannot well do worse than their immediate predecessors. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and their present popularity will not endure if they proceed to make blunders like those which wrecked English prestige last season.

Of that there is but the slightest possibility. With either Captain E. W. Roberts or Mr. John Daniell as chairman, and the others all famous old players and sound judges, caps will not be so easily obtained as they have been of recent years, and the English pack will be much more formidable than it has been of late. We may not win all our matches, and indeed we can hardly look forward to our journey into Wales with much confidence, but our men will at least put up a better fight than they did during the last campaign. Remember that Wales has not beaten England for ten years, though it was entirely their own fault that they did not win at Twickenham in January, and they will be all out to break that somewhat dismal record.

There is apparently something of an innovation this season in regard to two important matches, for according to the "Rugby Football Annual," England v. Wales and Scotland v. South Africans are to be played on a Sunday, January 17. Perhaps it would be as well to await corroboration before accepting this date as correct, since the Rugby Union does not countenance Sunday Rugby.

Next Saturday there will be the first of the big treks to Twickenham, where a scratch team under the title of London will meet the South Africans. Writing soon after the tourists' debut at Bristol, I have some doubt as to whether the visitors will take the field as an unbeaten side, but in any event they will give the homesters a good game, and they will most certainly please the on-lookers by their clean and sporting style. Those of us with pre-War memories can recollect how splendidly Paul Roos's and Billy Mellor's men played the game, and from what we saw at Bristol the present side will worthily maintain those glorious traditions. *O si sic omnes!*

In some other respects they were frankly disappointing, and doubtless disappointed. Having seen the first match of every touring side that has visited England, I can say that, whilst some of the others were naturally enough nervous and hesitating on their initial appearance, they all managed to pull themselves together during the progress of the game, and contrived to get together before it ended. This Osler's men never did, with the result that many spectators openly expressed their disappointment. To tell the truth it was poor Rugby, characterized by several of the faults that are making so many of our big matches dull and depressing.

There was far too much kicking, some of it good, some of it very bad. Also there was little dangerous attack; the men attempted the obvious again and again, but so mediocre was the passing and so uncertain the handling that their failure to score a single try was not surprising. Of course they can do a lot better than this; we did not see the real South Africans, and however they may have fared in Wales they are certain to be in far better form at Twickenham. Physically they have all

the makings of a powerful side, and it is not their fault that they have been absurdly over-praised in advance by people who do not understand Rugby.

All colonial teams that have visited this country have exhibited one weak point—they have been rather at a loss when dealing with forward rushes. Even the All Blacks of a few years ago did not shine when the ball was on the floor, and the only occasions when Nepia was ever in trouble arose from the forwards coming down on him with the ball at their feet. Cove-Smith's great try for England was the direct climax of a concerted rush which left Nepia helpless. And at Bristol the same inability to deal with this particular form of attack was obvious enough.

It would be really interesting if the London pack would try a few of these rushes next Saturday. They are most effective when they are the result of a wheel, but they can be initiated from any loose work, provided only that the operators remember not to kick too hard. Dribbling is so much of a lost art to-day that many promising movements are ruined by an injudicious boot, which usually gives the opposing backs lots of time to clear.



THE LONDON SCOTTISH XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which was beaten in the recent encounter with the Harlequins. The London Scottish, however, were without their three International forwards, D. J. MacMyn, F. H. Waters, and W. N. Roughead, while G. McLaren, the scrum-half, dropped out of the side at the last moment. The names in this group, left to right, are: Back row—Colonel D. Lyall-Grant (hon. sec.), A. R. Ramsay, W. L. Robertson, A. W. J. Murray, M. Blair, A. Bateman, R. S. Walker, D. J. W. Dryburgh, R. Adams; front row—W. G. Youne, R. R. F. MacLennan, A. F. McLeod, E. M. M. Henderson (captain), R. W. Langrish, H. I. MacLennan, I. S. Smith

*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR MURRAY (MISS FAITH CELLI)

An attractive portrait of an attractive person whom the knowledgeable will quickly recognize as Miss Faith Celli. Her marriage took place in July, but London is hoping that the creator of the dream daughter in "Dear Brutus" has not permanently severed her connection with the stage. Her husband, Lord Elibank's only brother and heir-presumptive, represented Kincardineshire as a Liberal for several years, and has held various parliamentary private secretaryships. Originally in the K.O.S.B.'s, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Arthur Murray served in the Great War with King Edward's Horse. Subsequently he was Assistant Military Attaché in Washington, and was also in the political intelligence department at the Foreign Office. Like Lord Elibank, he is a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland



MLLE. DANIELLE PAROLA

The attractive French film and musical comedy star whom the Parisians, specialists in those matters, say is a perfect blonde with forget-me-not eyes

TRÈS CHER,—Everything moves so rapidly nowadays, and change seems to be such an important factor to young people in their enjoyment of life, that it will appear quite maudlin of me to deplore the passing of the famous Café de Paris in the Place de l'Opéra. But drop my little tear I must! (After all, what matters a little humidity more or less after such a wet summer?) When I melted into sentimental repinings over the transformation of the Old Vaudeville Theatre into a Paramount Picture House, a few years ago, you no doubt remained indifferent to my sorrow despite the fact that Réjane—whom you certainly loved in London as much as we did in Paris—played there for so many years; but the demolition of a restaurant that has been lauded by every British author of note whenever he—or she—wrote about Paris, must surely twang a little chord of regret in your coldly insular heart. Remember it was in the private salons of the Café de Paris that King Edward, when he was Prince of Wales, gave so many merry parties; King Léopold II of Belgium supped there with Cléo de Mérode in the naughty 'nineties; the King of Greece was a pre-war habitué, and one would hate to have to count the number of champagne glasses smashed there by the Grand Duke Alexis when he toasted his fair friends *à la Russe*.

It is true that, unlike Henry's and Voisin's, two other famous and even older restaurants that disappeared last year, the Café de Paris is moving elsewhere. Where? No one yet knows, not even M. Barraya himself, for the bank that is enlarging its present premises on the site only takes possession of the ground next spring, and between then and now . . . well, banks don't seem to be quite so stable as they used-to-was, does they? (I am speaking in a general way, of course, nothing libellous intended!) The old and renowned restaurants of Paris can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand nowadays. Larue, the Tour d'Argent, Beaugé (sadly changed by its new and ultra modern *décor*), Foyot, Laperouse . . . but in a brief season a hundred new places crop up and know a formidable vogue only to be abandoned a few weeks later, when the crowd becomes tired to death of packing paper walls, straw-plaited ceilings, electric lights shining through old bottles of cointreau, crème de menthe, or even pickle-jars, of operating-theatre furniture, of table-linen made of black tarpaulin (the smell alone was enough to damn that soul-stirring innovation from the start!), of drinking champagne out of pewter mugs and coarse, squat tumblers, of eating caviare on chipped plates, and having foie gras served on battered tin dishes. . . . Terribly funny all that . . . for about five minutes.

Priscilla in Paris

Is this jaundiced Old Age writing? I hardly think so, since even the Young Ones tire so quickly. The Young Ones! My dear . . . do you remember that a few weeks ago I wrote you about Steve Passeur's lovely young wife? The evening before I did so I had seen her at the *première* of her husband's play at the Gymnase, she seemed so happy and shyly delighted by the congratulations of the crowd that came to her box. . . . She was like a slim and beautiful boy; her exquisite little nose, her lovely soft fair-cropped head. . . . And now she is dead. It happened at Cannes a week ago. It seems so horribly wrong!

Perhaps it is because I have had too many occasions recently to find real life tragic that I was unable to find myself moved by the French version of Somerset Maugham's *The Sacred Flame*, strangely renamed *Le Cyclone* over here. It was possible to convey the atmosphere of *Rain* in French, because a prostitute is a universal type just as the "erring wife"—to use a cliché—in *The Letter* is a familiar personage to any audience. Situate these types in an exotic setting, as in both plays, and spectators of every nationality will find interest in the reactions of these heroines; but the surface placidity of the relatives of the murdered cripple in *The Sacred Flame*—as portrayed by French actors—was, to me, a most unconvincing business altogether. At the same time I am aware that I would have enjoyed (in a manner o' writing) the play in English. My quarrel with the production is that it was translated when it should have been adapted.

But no doubt I am being captious, for most of the critics have been extremely kind. Somerset Maugham can do no wrong in this country. The first night audience was also very

hearty with its applause, and there were wet eyes a-plenty. Jane Marnac-Mrs.-Keith-Trevor's pretty secretary was weeping openly, and in front of me the Aga Khan's beautiful blonde sister-in-law had great tears rolling down her rosy cheeks. Paris is very crowded these days on account of the Salon de l'Automobile. There is a story going round that an eminent English motor expert was asked to pass judgment on the famous Rosengardt, but that he is so handsome and big a bloke that they had to perch him on the chassis and build the coach-work round him before they could make the trial trip. You can imagine to whom my thoughts flew! Is it true, P.V., my dear?—Love,
PRISCILLA.



FRAÜLEIN AMY MARKART

The beautiful Viennese actress and film star, who is almost as well known in her own milieu as Norma Shearer is in hers. She is rated one of the most attractive people in Middle Europe

“SALOME” ON THE STAGE

At the Savoy: Miss Joan Maude in Oscar Wilde's Previously Banned Play



IN THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN VEILS: MISS JOAN MAUDE

The much discussed “Salome” arrived at the Savoy Theatre on October 5, with Joan Maude, the twenty-three-year-old daughter of Nancy Price, in the title rôle. When it was written Oscar Wilde was at the height of his dramatic fame, having had great successes with “Lady Windermere's Fan” and “A Woman of No Importance.” The stage was practically set for the production of his new play, written in French, and the refusal of the censor to license it was a bombshell to the author. Sarah Bernhardt produced “Salome” in Paris in 1894, but the ban on its public presentation in England lasted for thirty-eight years. Some people consider that this should never have been lifted



Photographs by Yevonae

SOME DRAGGER TRIALS AND SOME "GOWF" !



AT THE MID-SURREY DRAG TRIALS: SIR ALEXANDER STANIER, MR. ARTHUR MILLER, LADY STANIER, MR. SAM MARSH, COLONEL BATTYE, AND MISS BATTYE



MRS. McCANDLISH AND MRS. EWART BIGGS AND TWO COUPLES OF THE R.E. DRAG HOUNDS



AT THE MID-SURREY TRIALS: MISS KING-TURNER AND MR. J. PENDARVES



AT ROEHAMPTON: COMMANDER AINSLIE



CAPTAIN BRONGER AND MR. JACK TRAIL, ALSO AT ROEHAMPTON

The Mid-Surrey Draghounds Hunter and Hound Trials were held at Highfield Farm, Epsom, where their kennels are, and everybody who came either to perform or look on had a thoroughly jolly day. Major E. Howard is the Master, and Mrs. McCandlish, who is in the picture at the top, is the wife of Mr. J. E. C. McCandlish, Master of the R.E. Drag, Chatham. Captain Sir Alexander Stanier is in the Welsh Guards, and Lady Stanier was Miss Dorothy Miller. Mr. Sam Marsh, whom nothing stops out hunting, is very well known with the famous Old Surrey (and Burstow)—so beloved of Mr. John Jorrocks that they are called "Jorrocks' Own." Mr. Pendarves, who is in another group, is the well-known G.R. The other snapshots were taken at Roehampton at the contest between the Royal Navy and Royal Marines Golfing Society and Roehampton, which ended in a draw—six all. Mr. Jack Trail is usually seen playing a faster ball game—polo!

A BRIDESMAID AT THE ROYAL WEDDING



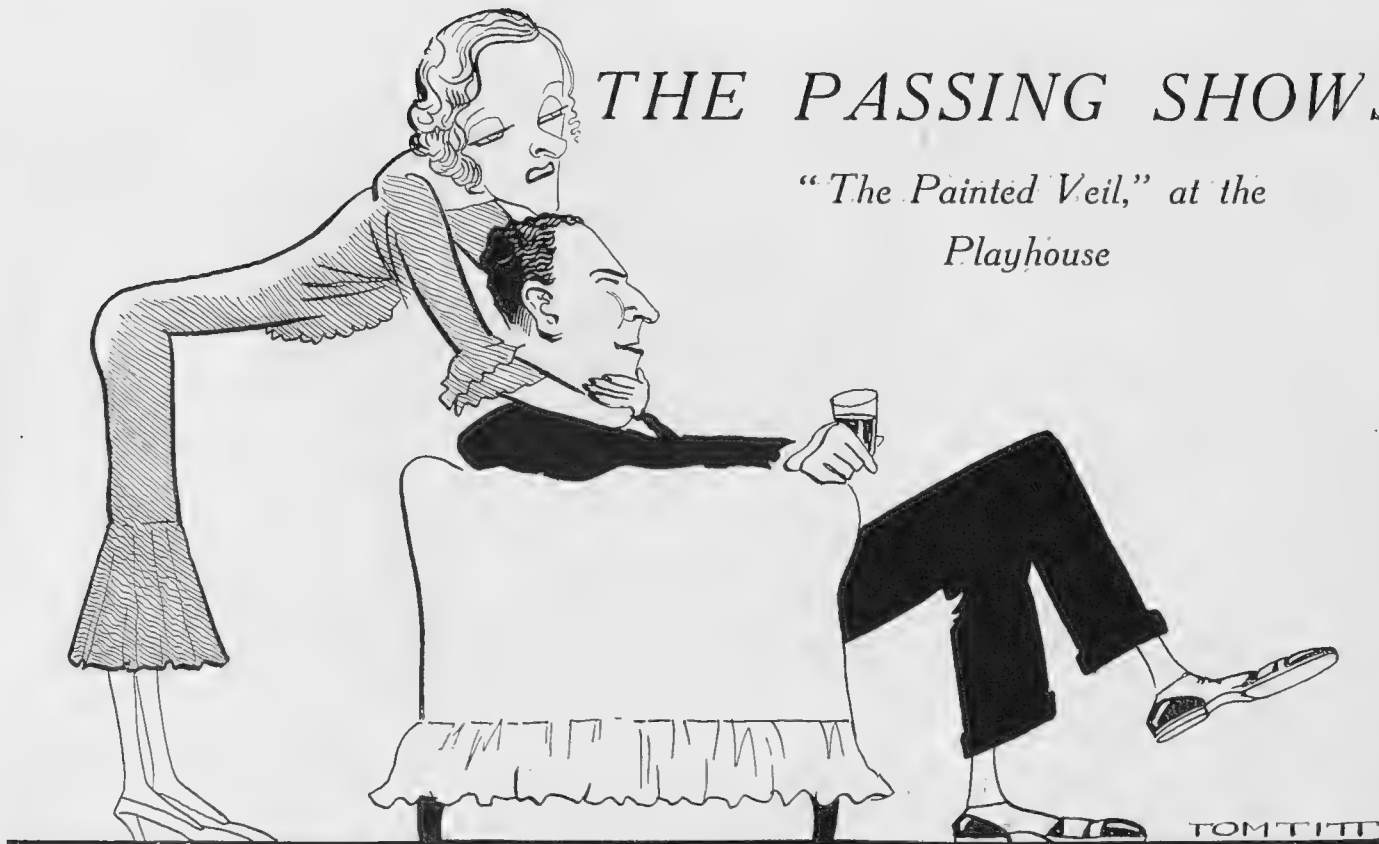
MISS KATHLEEN ALINGTON

Bassano, Dover Street

Miss Kathleen Alington, who is the daughter of the Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Cyril Alington, and the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Alington, is to be one of the grown-up bridesmaids at the wedding of Lady May Cambridge and Captain Henry Abel Smith at the village church at Balcombe, Sussex, on the 24th. Her Majesty the Queen will be present at the wedding and three Princesses will be among the twelve bridesmaids—Princess Elizabeth, the Duke and Duchess of York's elder daughter; Princess Ingrid of Sweden, the Duke of Connaught's grand-daughter, and Princess Sibylla Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The child attendants, in addition to the little Princess Elizabeth, are Lady Mary Cambridge, the daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge; Jennifer Bevan, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. John and Lady Barbara Bevan, and Rosemary Fraser, a little niece of Captain Abel Smith

THE PASSING SHOWS

"The Painted Veil," at the
Playhouse



THIS THING CALLED LOVE

Kitty Fane (Miss Gladys Cooper) and her selfish lover (Mr. Arthur Margetson), one of those cowardly lady-killers who believe that Those who sin and run away live to sin another day—with the other fellow's wife

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S books, plays, and short stories about Westerners out East are an appetizing mixture. The author's acidity of outlook is nicely offset by the glamour of foreign parts. In fact the human frailties which never fail to escape his cynical, analytical eye are almost tropically magnified by their surroundings. For literature and the drama would have us believe that East of Suez adultery is the brother of convention. Or if that is too strong, let us say that, what with the climate, the narrowness of social circles, and one thing and another, married life has more downs than ups.

Kitty Fane, the heroine of *The Painted Veil*, which Mr. Bartlett Cormack has fashioned from the Maugham novel of the same name, is no less unhappy than a score of her fellow sufferers. We meet her first *in flagrante delicto*, as the lawyers say, scuttling from behind a screen in a locked and darkened room.

Her lover is Charles Townsend, the most popular lady's man in Hong Kong. Townsend has a dullish but useful wife on whom he depends. He takes his fun as he finds it, and wriggles out of any awkward consequences with disarming pleasantry. A bad loser at bridge, a coward, and a rotter, Kitty, who loves him, is a pretty poor specimen herself. She prevaricated discontentedly until her younger sister got engaged, and then, determined not to be left at the post, hastily married the first man who came along.

This was Walter Fane (Mr. Lewis Casson), a bacteriologist who adored her with a dumb passion which raged within him like a volcano. Physically



NUN BUT THE BRAVE

Would dare to remain on duty in a Chinese town overrun with cholera. The Mother Superior (Miss Stella Arbenina) and Sister St. Joseph (Miss Violet Campbell) bring greetings and home-made cakes to the guilty wife from Hong Kong

this was natural, for she was very beautiful. Kitty, on the other hand, loathed him whole-heartedly, body and soul. Whether the hidden complexities of Walter's character are amply developed in the novel I do not know. In the play the man is merely a grim shadow, implacable as a vendetta, cold as an iceberg. One can hardly blame Kitty, apart from her error in marrying him at all, for finding consolation elsewhere.

Walter's ultimatum pronounced him either inhuman or insane. He would allow Kitty to divorce him provided Townsend would promise to marry her. If not, she must accompany him at once to Mei-Tan-Fu, a hot-bed of cholera, from which, the chances were, neither of them would return. Townsend at once wriggled off the hook. Really, he said, it was quite decent of Walter to give Kitty an alternative to divorce. Surely she was exaggerating the dangers of the epidemic. Of course there was nothing for it but to go.

Kitty, poor soul, went, and in Act II we see her, as distraught as ever, ill-concealing her terror in the defunct missionary's house, while Walter, deputising for the also defunct doctor, does noble work among a population of expiring coolies and mutinous soldiers. Here we meet Waddington of the Customs, a calm, loose-knit, out-spoken, philosophic, heart-of-gold person, a little thick in speech, with one besetting sin—the whisky bottle. Waddington, replenishing his glass with distressing frequency, plays the rôle of candid friend. Putting two and two together—Kitty's pale, unhappy face and Walter's yellow grim one, Waddington asks some

leading questions. Kitty evades them, but they leave a ripening friendship unimpaired.

The next scene, the convent, where a diminishing band of heroic French nuns continue their errands of mercy, marks a change in Kitty's character. Playing blind-man's buff with Chinese orphans seems to have brought that peace of mind which Waddington suggested she might find amid the unworldly calm of rosary and crucifix. These white-robed sisters, so courageous and serene, seem to hold in their hearts the secret of happiness. Kitty, forgetting Love Profane, gazes on Love Sacred and is a happier woman. In the convent she learns of Waddington's loss. The little Manchu princess, with whom he has been living, has died of cholera. Waddington's picture of this immaculate piece of Oriental porcelain, poetically drawn in a few sentences, whets one's curiosity. A pity, one thinks, that while Walter and Kitty were eating their cheerless tiffin—and fresh salad, too, a likely source of cholera germs—in the silent atmosphere of a suicide pact, one could not have had a simultaneous close-up of Waddington's bungalow and its high-born mistress. What a chance for Miss Anna May Wong



TIFFIN FOR TWO; TOMBSTONES FOR ONE! A SHORT-CUT TO CHOLERA

The repressed bacteriologist (Mr. Lewis Casson) and his incompatible wife (Miss Gladys Cooper) whom he has caught in *flagrante delicto* and brought to a cholera-ridden Chinese city, sit down to a cheerless and suicidal meal of uncooked salad. He: "Don't eat that; you might die." She (helping herself): "Isn't that what you brought me here for?" Helps herself. He follows suit in silence—Curtain



TWO SOULS ADRIFT

Waddington (Mr. Martin Walker) lives with a Manchu princess and drinks too much whisky, but is otherwise a white man and a sympathetic philosopher. Kitty Fane (Miss Gladys Cooper) has been dragged from civilization and her lover by a repellent husband determined to fill them both with cholera germs

and the revolving stage! Melodrama intervenes in the last act (Scene 1) when Walter's dying form is borne into the bungalow by Chinese soldiers, while outside the distant shooting of looters is heard, and above the burning city the sky is turning an ominous crimson. One thing, certainly, would have helped to relieve the tension, and that was not forthcoming. In vain did Kitty, tear-stained and on her knees again, plead to

be forgiven as she had pleaded in the convent when, after falling to the floor in a dead faint, she and her husband were apprised of her condition. Kitty was going to have a child—probably not Walter's. All Walter said then was, "Forgive you? I can never forgive myself—for loving you so badly." All he said when Death stared him in the face was, "The dog it was who died." My sympathy for an ill-used husband evaporated at that moment, and something like a sigh of relief escaped me when the coolies removed the body to the bed-room. Possibly, after that, the author thought Kitty and ourselves had suffered enough. In the last scene, a hotel sitting-room in Hong Kong, he changed the tempo and insinuated a "happy" ending to a chapter not devoid of characterization and the attributes of a good story, but shedding no ray of sunshine on the listeners' side of the footlights. Kitty's acquiescence to Waddington's whimsical, humorous, easy-going, and optimistic proposal of a loveless marriage based on mutual goodwill and suffering came as a way out for all concerned. We shook our heads over it, smiled wanly, and inwardly wished them luck. Miles from anywhere, where they proposed to patch up the remnants of two broken lives, would Kitty's real self peep out? Only a few minutes previously she had given it away when the airy Townsend had kissed her with the old passion. Could this lovely, discontented sensualist thrive in the wilds on platonic friendship? Could the whisky-drinking Waddington pull himself together sufficiently to make good?

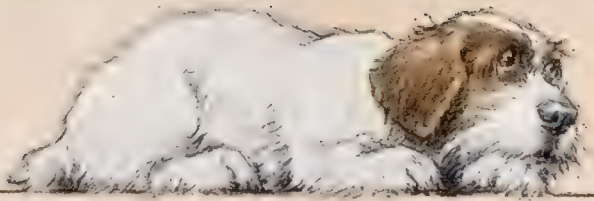
This melodramatic document that is sometimes human and sometimes inhuman is interesting, competent, and holding. It entertains, though not in the sparkling sense; and in the person of Kitty, Miss Gladys Cooper, who is never off the stage, has a chance to show her powers of character drawing. The part is as difficult as it is long, for Kitty's presentation is almost a one-note affair. Miss Cooper, discarding super-orchidaceous frocks and the unruffled veneer of a famous beauty, carves out with infinite skill and fidelity every facet of the woman's flaws and failings. She slips or slurs no unflattering detail in her facial and mental make-up. Mr. Arthur Margetson's shallow rotter is fluently done. Miss Jessie Bateman contrives to sum up Kitty's mother in a few sentences. Mr. Lewis Casson, the producer, skilfully dry-etches a forbidding, saturnine portrait of the tortured husband stifled by repressions. Miss Stella Arbenina's Mother Superior is rich in spiritual grace and tenderly drawn. Miss Violet Campbell is admirable as a young nun. Mr. Martin Walker, a welcome stranger, makes such a direct hit as Waddington that I can imagine no East of Suez play, in which the good-hearted tippler is almost a *sine qua non*, will be complete without him. Mr. Walker has a nonchalant, easy air of natural sincerity and a control of under-emphasis which give the illusion that his part and the nearest Dramatic Academy are poles apart.

"TRINCULO."

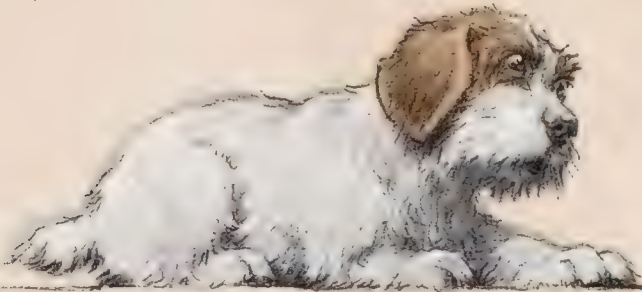
RACING UP NOTTINGHAM WAY

LADY SIBELL LYGON AND CAPTAIN
TOMMY McDOUGALMRS. J. V. HOGARTH, CAPTAIN H. G. SHERBROOKE,
AND MRS. BOURNECAPTAIN PERCY WHITAKER AND
LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEYLADY ROWENA PATERSON AND LORD
HUNTINGDONMISS GUNN, COLONEL W. F. STOREY, AND
LADY BOWDENTHE HON. MRS. EDWARD GREENALL
AND A FRIEND

Autumn weather that was a far more colourable imitation of summer than any we have had during the time when we are supposed to have a spot of sun made the Nottingham meeting extremely pleasant. The going was good for the steeds also, as the course was in excellent order and there was a good gallery including, as may be observed, many people who are determined to keep fox-hunting going even if the conditions are more difficult than they were during the War. The Hon. Mrs. Greenall, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, Captain Henry Sherbrooke, Captain Tommy McDougal, and others are amongst them. Captain Percy Whitaker, the famous trainer and the gallant pilot of Arravale in many Nationals, is talking to Lady Ursula. Lady Rowena Paterson is with her brother. Lady Noreen Bass is another sister and Sir William Bass, her husband, is coming on again as a Joint Master of the Meynell. Lady Bowden, who is in another of the groups, is the wife of Sir Harold Bowden, whose seat, Bestwood, is in Nottinghamshire



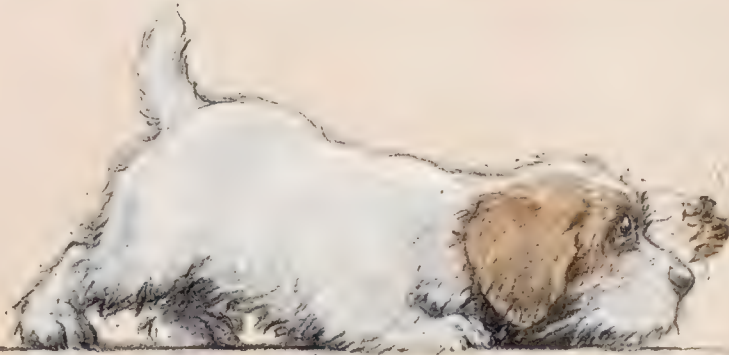
What's that ?



- Sounds like a fly !



Looks like a fly !



If it isn't a fly, - its



HELL !!!

C. Ambler.

BUZZ!

By C. Ambler



SATURDAY MORNING ON THE

By Patrio



LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

Bellew



QUEEN OF THE NIGHT

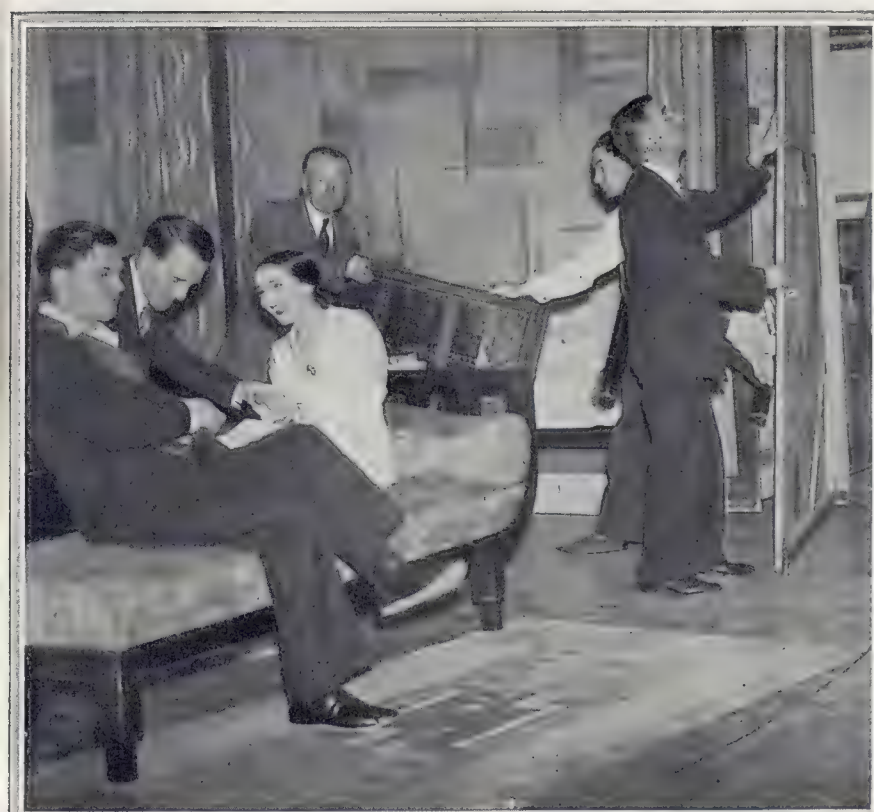
By Marjorie Miller

Behind
the
Footlights
and
Behind
the Scenes



CAUSING A SENSATION IN BERLIN: THE RHYTHMIC ABANDON OF BALLIOL AND MERTON

Balliol and Merton are two English dancers whose high speed acrobatic activities are so greatly to the liking of Continental audiences that they are very rarely free to appear in their own country. At the moment they are scoring a sensational success at the Winter Garden Theatre in Berlin. Paris and Vienna are also enthusiastic about this clever couple, who have a rhythm of their own and compose several of their whirlwind dances themselves



BEHIND THE SCENES IN "GRAND HOTEL": HOW THE REVOLVING STAGE IS SET

Left: Elena Miramova (Grusinskaja, the Russian dancer) with Ivor Barnard (Otto Kringelein) and Hugh Williams (Baron von Gaigern) waiting while stage hands hurriedly set things right in Grusinskaja's bedroom. Right: Ursula Jeans (Flaemmchen the typist) talking to Hugh Williams as the stage begins to revolve for the American bar scene. "Grand Hotel" is a triumph for modern mechanical methods, no fewer than twenty scenes being presented with quite amazing celerity. The human element enters into it too and the army of stage hands is as well rehearsed as the cast



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING AT FITZWALTER

In the group above (left to right) are : Mr. C. R. Pritchett, Colonel Neave, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, Vice-Admiral Heard, Rear-Admiral Bruton, Lord Ellenborough, and Major L. Willoughby. Mr. Pritchett is on the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association, Sir Vyell Vyvyan is a cousin of Sir Courtenay Vyvyan of Trelowarren, and Admiral Heard retired from the Senior Service in 1926. Lord Ellenborough succeeded his father as 7th Baron this year

GOING TO THE COUNTRY : OPEN AIR FIXTURES



James Russell

MR. CEDRIC BARNETT AND
A TWENTY-STONE STAG

Stalking on Buchanan Castle Moor, which belongs to the Duke of Montrose, Mr. Cedric Barnett, who comes from Hertfordshire, had the great satisfaction of grassing a nine-pointer, which turned the scale at twenty stone. Lord Hawke and Sir Francis Lacey were photographed at North Berwick, where the Father of Yorkshire cricket has a house. Sir Francis Lacey is also famous in the cricket world, and is a former secretary to the M.C.C. When golfing lawn-tennis players held their annual golf competition for the Desborough Cup at the R.A.C.'s country club, Major G. H. M. Cartwright, the well-known Eton Rambler, and Colonel Kingscote marked each other's cards; the former returned an 86-7=79. Colonel Kingscote has had many successes at Wimbledon



Bulmain

TWO CRICKETERS: LORD HAWKE
AND SIR FRANCIS LACEYAT WOODCOTE PARK: MAJOR "BUNS"
CARTWRIGHT AND COLONEL KINGSCOTE

TALKING ABOUT PICTURES . . .



DOLORES COSTELLO

Elmer Fryer



MARILYN MILLER

ELISSA LANDI

Hal Phylfe

Few people embarking on screen work have had as spectacularly swift a rise to stardom as Miss Elissa Landi, who in less than a year has become one of the leading figures in Hollywood. The Fox studios have been the scene of her successes, which include "Body and Soul," "Always Goodbye," "Wicked," and "The Yellow Ticket." Miss Landi returned to England last week for a short and well deserved holiday. Miss Dolores Costello (in private life Mrs. John Barrymore) has made a welcome come-back to the films after a short retirement, and is now once more working hard for Warner Brothers. Miss Marilyn Miller, who is also appearing in Warner Brothers pictures, was photographed outside her beach house at Malibu. Little Miss Rita Lupino went to watch her father playing in the screen version of "The Love Race," made by B.I.P. Not to be outdone she managed (without revealing her identity) to get a part in the sun-bathing film, "Let's Go Naked," and is quite determined to be a film star when she grows up



STANLEY LUPINO AND HIS DAUGHTER RITA

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A MAN was brought up before the local magistrates charged with keeping a dog without a licence.

"I understand the licence has expired," said the chairman.

"Yes, sir, but—"

"That'll do. We don't want any 'buts.' Don't you know you mustn't keep a dog without a licence?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"I've just told you we don't want any 'buts.' You admit that the licence has expired."

"Yes, sir! And so has the dog."

Jones and Brown were returning home by the last train after having been "detained at the office."

"What's time?" asked Jones, drowsily.

After contemplating the back of his watch for some moments, Brown replied, "Thursday."

"Well, then," said Jones, "this is where I get out."

One of the witnesses at an enquiry into a case of alleged bribery in an election stated that he had received twenty-five pounds to vote Conservative, and in cross-examination it was elicited that he had also received twenty-five pounds to vote Liberal.

"You say you received twenty-five pounds to vote Conservative?" asked the magistrate in amazement.

"Yes, my lord."

"And you also received twenty-five pounds to vote Liberal?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And for whom did you vote at the finish?"

The witness, with injured dignity written all over his face, answered with great earnestness:

"I voted, sir, according to my conscience!"

A girl sent her small brother to the chemist to buy some powder.

"I want a box of powder for my sister," said the boy to the assistant behind the counter.

"Certainly," replied the chemist, and added, chaffing him: "Some that

goes off with a bang?"

The boy, however, was equal to the occasion.

"No," he said, brightly. "Some that goes on with a puff."

A boy was late for Sunday-school, and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," said the boy.

"That's the right kind of father to have," replied the minister. "Did he explain to you why he would not let you go?"

"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't enough bait for two!"

The absent-minded man met a friend he had not seen for some time.

"How are you, my dear chap," he asked, "and how's your wife?"

"But I'm not married," replied the other.

"Ah, no, of course not," said the first. "Then your wife's still single, of course!"

A burly man pushed his way to the counter of a post-office and demanded a penny stamp. The girl behind the counter was endeavouring to explain something to an old woman which made the man extremely impatient.

"I say, miss," he shouted, "I've got a train to catch."

The girl looked him over coldly, and then turned and resumed her explanations to the old woman.

Again the man interrupted. "Do you hear me? I've got a train to catch."

The clerk turned again and said quietly, "Did you say you had a train to catch?"

"I did," snapped the man.

"Then it's a railway station you want. This is a post-office."

They were on their honeymoon, and she still regarded him as the most wonderful person in the world.

They strolled along the seashore, and suddenly he stopped, and in a fine, poetic frenzy, declaimed, "Roll on, thou deep and mighty ocean, roll!"

"Oh, look, George," she cried in ecstasy "it's doing it!"



TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE: MRS. CARL WIJK

Mr. Carl Wijk's bride, who before her recent marriage at St. George's was Miss Catherine Kresge. Her father, Mr. Sebastian S. Kresge, is an American multi-millionaire. Mr. Carl Wijk is the son of Lady (Reginald) Barnes by her first marriage



MISS HELEN GILLILAND

The very delightful "Nina Rosa" at the Gaiety. Miss Gilliland, who originally made her name in Gilbert and Sullivan operas, has had many successes in musical comedy. She was specially summoned from America to play in "The Song of the Drum" at Drury Lane

Rita Martin



"The same woman . . .
but
with infinite variety"

A NEW COMPLEXION . . . To match every gown

A NEW SKIN TONE . . . To go with the latest Parisian colourings

YOU CAN WEAR ANY OF THEM . . . for Elizabeth Arden has created infinite varieties of tones in her Powders . . . Rouges . . . Lipsticks

YOU WILL BE A REVELATION to yourself and . . . A joy to all beholders. Learn the joy and interest of matching your face to your gowns . . . Ask Elizabeth Arden's advice . . . she knows

"What make-up shall I wear with the new Autumn colours?" smart women are asking. Miss Arden has devised clever make-up ensembles to complement the different shades. Here are some of them:

- WITH RED, WHITE AND BLUE . . . it is smart to harmonize your make-up with all three colours. For such an ensemble use a slightly darker foundation, Rachel or Mat Foncé powder, dark Amoretta cream rouge to contrast with the white of your costume. Have your lipstick duplicate the colour of the red in your frock and your Eye-Shado repeat the blue of the dress. Black Eyelash Cosmetique is effective
- WITH LIGHT GREEN, RUST AND DARK GREEN . . . a clever new combination . . . use a dark foundation, a warm tone of rouge, and a lipstick that echoes the red-orange tone of the rust in your ensemble. Green Eye-Shado and brown Cosmetique are suggested for both brunettes and blondes
- WITH BLUE AND WHITE . . . BLACK AND WHITE . . . BROWN AND WHITE . . . your

make-up accessories must harmonize with the colour nearest your face. If the white area is nearer your face, use a rather dark shade for your powder foundation . . . a warm shade for your rouge, Ardena Powder in Banana or Rachel . . . and a very vivid lipstick, preferably the new indelible Chariot

- WITH DARK BLUE—which is inclined to throw deep shadows up into the face . . . wear a light foundation . . . a light shade of rouge . . . powder with a dash of pink in it, and a bright lipstick. Your Eye-Shado must repeat the blue of the dress. For eyes that are blue try finishing the lashes with light blue Cosmetique tipped with black
- WITH BROWN, the principal tone of a bi-colour costume . . . use Rachel foundation and a rouge that will deepen the brown tone in the skin. The Banana shade of Ardena Powder blends well with brown. Use a bright lipstick . . . Flame is suggested. For the eyes . . . light brown Eye-Shado and green or black Cosmetique
- WITH BLACK, a quite vivid make-up is smart. Blondes with fair skin will keep it so, using a

light foundation, Ardena Powder in the peach shades, Light Amoretta Rouge, and a bright lipstick, preferably "Chariot." Blue Eye-Shado and black Cosmetique will add interest to the eyes. Brunettes will intensify the olive tint in their skin by using a rather dark foundation, Dark Amoretta Rouge and a bright lipstick. And for the eyes, try this thrilling make-up . . . light brown Eye-Shado over the entire eyelid, green Eye-Shado over the iris of the eye, and black Cosmetique on the lashes

- Miss Arden feels confident that, with these suggestions to guide you, you will be able to create some very interesting make-up ensembles of your own to complement your new clothes
- Elizabeth Arden's Make-up Creations are on sale at smart shops everywhere at these prices: Amoretta Cream (foundation for a dry skin) 4/6, 8/6; Crème de France (foundation for an average skin), Tube 4/6, Jar 8/6; Lille Lotion (foundation for an oily skin) 6/6, 10/6; Rouge Amoretta 7/6; Ardena Powder 12/6; Lipsticks 6/6; Cream Eye-Shado 4/6; Eyelash Cosmetique 5/6.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
LONDON 25 OLD BOND STREET W1

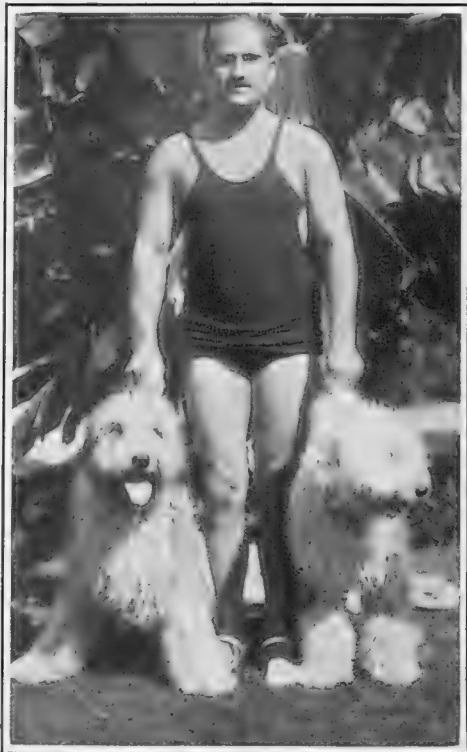
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PARIS

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NEW YORK

BERLIN

691 Fifth Avenue New York
ROME



ON LAKE COMO: HERR VON PLETCH, "GANDHI," AND "BETTY"

One of whom any old how is a dashed sight better looking and more woolly than his namesake. Herr von Pletch is the Czecho-Slovakian Consul, and this was taken at the Villa D'Esté, where apparently it is still warm enough for a dip

old soft lead "Tini" or any other devastating projectile used by persons with whom the little British army used to have disagreements in our many quite unpleasant and very bloody little wars, the memory of which has been almost completely obliterated by the things which happened between 1914 and 1918. Quite rightly, of course, because until then we had had nothing even remotely resembling it since the Crimea; that is, we had not been shot at with real big guns. In the Mutiny, of course, our troops had to stand up to a certain amount of field gun stuff and in South Africa; but the generality of our scraps had been small-arm ones. Charlie Hands was one of a band of distinguished war correspondents who were charged to tell the British public all about what "cook's son, duke's son, and son of a belted earl" were managing to do against that very expert and very mobile fighter, Brer Boer—and they did it on the whole remarkably well. There was Mr. Winston Churchill with all that marvellous material for "copy" provided by his escape from Pretoria—doing a hobo act under a freight wagon, if I remember rightly, and there was that brilliant recorder of battle fights, little G. W. Steevens, who was one of those unlucky enough to get shut up in Ladysmith with Sir George White. He died there of enteric, which killed far more good men than that Boer big gun up on the hill, something they thought big in those days, but I don't think it was much more than a 47, a mere pop-gun as things used in the field in 1914-18 compared. However, it was very troublesome, and if they had not had those 47's off the *Terrible* the Boers would have had all the fun to themselves, for the British military forces had nothing much

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

One of the interesting personalities I met during a recent tour of recovery was some-one who is very well known to quite a lot of us, one Charlie Hands, of whom I heard first when he was the "Daily Mail" correspondent in the South African War and when he managed to collect a Boer Mauser bullet through one of his lungs. It did not do him a lot of harm for that was the dawn of the slate-pencil bullet, which was a very different bit of work to the

better than pea-shooters in the way of artillery.

Memories of a lot of good chaps who went West then or afterwards were conjured up by meeting Charlie Hands. "Jabber" Chisholme for one, salt of the earth if ever there were any; "The Treasure" I think also, and young Roberts and Jack Hanwell, as neat and good a cove on a horse over a country as any I've struck, and that most intriguing and beautifully groomed cavalry soldier, Stewart Beatson, to whom the sight of anything unburnished was an

abiding horror. The jest of it was that they gave him command of an Australian mounted brigade whose proud boast it was to have the motto: "We cleans nothink and salutes nobody!" It was really amusing that this General of all others should have been picked to command a bunch like that—but this is the way things sometimes happen when Mars blows the war-trumpet in the morning! Stewart Beatson and his Bushrangers hated one another like poison at first; but as both were made of the stuff from which first-class soldiers develop,

IN THE WIGHT: MRS. DE LANDE LONG

The wife of Lieut.-Colonel Albert De Lande Long, D.S.O., late the Gordons, at their charming house, Lisle Court, Wootton Court, Isle of Wight. Mrs. De Lande Long was formerly Miss Nan Paterson



WE'S THREE: IRIS, MARTIN, AND SONIA PEAKE

The children of Captain and Lady Joan Peake. Lady Joan Peake is a sister of the Earl of Essex, M.F.H. (Llangibby), and late the Craven and the Blazers, and Captain Peake, M.P., used to be in the Coldstream and is a captain in the Notts Yeomanry

in the end they hung round one another's necks, and almost wept salt tears when the time came for them to part and even De Wet had ceased fire. One amusing incident was when Stewart Beatson missed his second charger, a nice blood thing with two white stockings behind. Of course it was supposed that Brer Boer had taken him. But he hadn't! Next morning when the Brigade was advancing Stewart Beatson noticed his own trumpet on something extra nice-looking that had been hogged, clipped, and dyed out of all recognition! They had Condy'ed the white stockings! It was the General's horse sure enough, and I was told that it was doubtful who enjoyed the joke most. It was the Brigade Adjutant who I believe saved the situation. I can't remember his name at all this distance of time, but I did know it. Anyway in the end those Bushrangers and their Brigadier were brothers, because luckily, for all his spit and polish ways, old Stewart Beatson had a keen sense of humour and an inexhaustible supply of tact; so perhaps, after all, those who gave him command of the "Cleans Nothink and Salutes Nobody

(Continued on p. xii)

The first cigarette NEWS for over 40 years

... a filter-tip that holds
throat irritants in check

THROAT irritants cannot be removed from tobacco in course of manufacture because they only assert themselves when the cigarette is being smoked. They are a by-product of combustion.

And the filter-tip contains the only substance known to science capable of holding them in check. That is why men and women who value physical fitness are welcoming "du Maurier" Virginia—the cigarette that can truly claim to be non-irritant.

Another reason is that the filter-tip reveals a wealth of flavour and fragrance hitherto hidden. By cutting out the bad, the good is emphasised. Fine Virginia leaf becomes even more delectable. The proof is in the smoking.



The cigarettes with the filter-tip gained their first enthusiast in Sir Gerald du Maurier. As a mark of appreciation of their unique qualities he has permitted us to name them after him.



20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6

THE du Maurier filter-tip has seven tangible advantages . . . It protects the lips and teeth from stain . . . It retains irritant "acrids" and is, therefore, the only effective method of preventing smoker's throat . . . It collects tobacco tar, thus guarding physical fitness . . . It stops bits of tobacco getting into the mouth . . . It avoids burning the tongue . . . It makes the smoke delightfully sweet and cool, bringing out the flavour . . . It gives a cleaner, healthier and more satisfying smoke.

Concerning du Maurier Virginia *The Lancet* (January 24th, 1931—page 194) writes: "We find these cigarettes to be cooler and less irritating to the mucous membrane than ordinary cigarettes of good quality without the filter-tip."

du MAURIER

FILTER TIP VIRGINIA

Obtainable from your own tobacconist or from
Peter Jackson, 217, Piccadilly, London, W.1

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



THE AVIATION HOSPITALITY ASSOCIATION'S RECEPTION

F. A. Swaine, Ltd.

Some of the guests at this reception, which was given last week at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, to the delegates of the International Conference on Motor-less Flying. The names, left to right (reading nearest to camera), are: Front row—Mr. J. L. R. Waplington, secretary of the British Gliding Association; Mrs. O'Byrne (white frock), in front of Mr. Justice O'Byrne; Dr. H. F. Vandermaas; Sir Harry Brittain; the Countess of Drogheda; Professor Georgii; Major Massaux, to left of Mr. D. S. Gordon England; Colonel F. Sheldermine, Director of Civil Aviation; Mr. Murray of the American Embassy; immediately behind (with Iron Cross) is Count Ysenburg

Holistic Flying.

GENERAL SMUTS has lately been propounding, in full Sorbonne, the doctrine of the Better Holism: the more-we-are-together philosophy so much disliked by Professor Hogben. Without bandying words with belted and booted biologists, or attempting to say whether the whole is greater than the sum of the parts, we may at least affirm that in aeronautics every part bears a structural relation to the whole. In this way Flight-Lieut. G. H. Stainforth's three kilometres world's speed record of 408.8 m.p.h. bears directly upon private and club flying and the operations of all kinds of aircraft, whether their speed is 40 or 400 m.p.h.

While, from the top of Calshot Castle I was watching Flight-Lieut. Stainforth making those horrific swoops which have so startled the aeronautical world, I read into his flying this important message: In a pilot courage and daring are a drawback rather than an advantage unless they are accompanied by the power to think and to consider. When in the Vickers Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6B he made those dives on the three kilometres base with the sprint engine going at heaven-knows-what rate of revolutions per minute, he exhibited courage of so high an order that the sensitive spectator felt embarrassed. The pilot was momentarily stripping himself naked and laying bare the secret places of his soul. He was going for the record: There were to be no more half measures, no more paltry 379 m.p.h. averages. He was going for the record, and nothing on heaven or earth was going to stop him from raising it to a figure which would make the world gasp. It was prodigious to see the imperturbable, the quiet, the dreaming, wandering, mooning Stainforth suddenly converted into a creature of fire.

He was doing more than giving an exhibition of courage; he was also showing skill and judgment in the way he timed the dives, and kept his course despite a visibility he himself estimated at between three and six miles. Even with courage and skill there was still one other thing that Stainforth showed and

that every pilot should aspire to possess. He showed the scientific outlook, the power to think and to consider in his careful, detailed, and precise preparations for the record. Without that power to think and to consider, the amazing run of 415.2 m.p.h. would never have been made. It was the detailed, diagrammatic, carefully worked out preparations, about which few spectators other than Mrs. Stainforth knew anything, that made it possible.

For the amateur flyer, courage and even skill are of less importance than the power to think and consider. In the amateur pilot, and even in the serious commercial pilot, daring is out of place. It is rarely needed, and it may be a fault. The flying aptitude indicator of the future will show suitability for flying in inverse ratio to the amount of daring shown by the applicant. It is only the Stainforths and the Boothmans, the Waghorns and the Websters, the Orlebars and the Kinkeads that need the combination of daring and the power to think and consider.



FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT "TOMMY" ROSE

Doing a job of work on his motor-car. One of the most popular personalities in flying to-day, Flight-Lieutenant Rose's South African flight will always be remembered as a very great struggle against odds. His King's Cup race two years ago was also an outstanding feat

The Stainforth Protractor.

One excellent indication of Stainforth's scientific outlook is the Stainforth Cross-Country Protractor. Unfortunately, when I wrote my recent book on cross-country flying this protractor had not been produced, and so I was unable to introduce it. But I hasten to repair that omission here, and to say that it is the best cross-country instrument I have yet met. It takes the place of the C.D.C. and the ordinary protractor, and it solves all the problems with a minimum of time and trouble. It has no moving parts, and is simple to use and to understand. I would say that all pilots should get the protractor not only because it will be of value to them, but also as a salute to the holder of the world's three kilometres speed record.

Gliding and the Future.

The International Gliding Competition held at Balsdean, near Brighton, by the British Gliding Association was a triumph for gliding. There was a large number of

(Continued on p. xx)

**SUPERB...
BETTER THAN ANY
HAND-MADE
VIRGINIA
CIGARETTE**



Many have found that extra twopence spent on twenty Piccadilly is returned a hundred-fold in extra values. Few have realised though that the Piccadilly cigarettes they enjoy are better than any hand-made cigarette. Money can buy no better Virginia leaf than that from the Old Belt and Eastern Carolina, exclusively used by Carreras in the making of Piccadilly. Hand rolling cannot produce such a perfect cigarette as the new, advanced machinery Carreras employ; and Carreras' analysts regularly attest the purity of the paper. No finer cigarette could be packed in the handsome, strongly-made Piccadilly box.

To the smoker of expensive brands Piccadilly offer a pronounced economy without a sacrifice of quality; to the smoker of ordinary cigarettes the extra cost is balanced by the greater size and quality. There is no better cigarette to-day for your money than Piccadilly

AT 20 FOR 1/2

PICCADILLY
CARRERAS' OVERSIZE & de-luxe CIGARETTE



ALL READY FOR THE 27th: MR. L. HORE-BELISHA, M.P., AND SIR JOHN SIMON, M.P.

A recent snapshot when they were on their way to the House of Commons. The Dissolution was on the 7th; Nomination day is the 16th, and the Election on the 27th. It is always unsafe to prophesy, but the betting is in favour of a sweeping win for the National Government

years has had immeasurable difficulties to face, but yet, in spite of them, has contrived to give a lead that others would do well to follow.

I do most sincerely hope that the atmosphere within what must be the most incongruous blend of architecture of modern times will not be supercharged with this nonsensical "economy" idea. No good point can be served by buttoning up one's pockets when the question arises of buying the product of one's own countrymen—and, in any case, it is very rarely economical, in the proper sense of the term, to be out of date. How we do fly from one extreme to another nowadays! One day someone in High Authority says "Spend not a penny more than you can possibly help!" The next day another, equally well authenticated, cries "Now is the time to buy. Keep the currency busy!" Between the two advices we probably (and sensibly) take neither, but continue to "carry on" as we did before.

But, even supposing we entered Olympia with a determination of the most resolute parsimony, how long could we withstand the temptations arrayed before us? The wise tell us that we should never buy a thing because it is cheap—and by this we may well abide. But we shall most certainly find ourselves buying cars because they are so infernally good. When you think what a couple of hundred or so would purchase a couple of years ago, and compare it with what comes to-day for the same figure, you first of all (if you have any impulse towards gratitude in your composition) thank the car-maker for all the wonderful things he has done for you—and then determine to have a dash whilst the going is good. And in this latter I believe you are right, for I am convinced that, in the near future, the

Petrol Vapour : By W. G. ASTON.

THE SHOW that opens to-morrow is, like all its fore-runners, the greatest of its kind. And the plain fact is that, if it were not, we should have to admit that we had made no progress at all. In point of truth it expresses a really tremendous step forward in progress, having regard to the innumerable influences, some good, some bad, which bear upon it. All things considered, it is a very conspicuous triumph for an industry that for many

prices of cars will tend to go up. It is a long time since I met anyone who thought they were likely to come any further down.

Some will say, with justice, that "Value for Money" is (if such a musical allusion be permissible) both the tonic and the dominant note of this Show of 1932 cars. That is the sort of broad truth which is always undeniable. It could as well have been said of any number of past shows. But now we find that a new, and ringing, note has been struck—which is that of common sense. For the first time in automobile history *all* cars—or, at any rate, all British cars—are really and truly capable of holding their proper cargo of passengers without nudging, sitting familiar, or bursting the panels. Which is a very good, and a very notable, thing. It puts quite a different complexion on economy motoring. Takes the tiresomeness out of it. If this season there have not been so many brand-new models as usual (and they naturally get less as time goes on), there have been at least two conspicuously great developments. One is the forthcoming of an altogether new and better type of light "family car," as typified by Hillman, Morris, Singer, Standard, Triumph, and perhaps a few others. At what was not long since a Baby car figure these afford four adults genuinely comfortable travel at a perfectly ludicrously low cost. Those responsible for these quite startling productions must be given "full marks."

So also must those who have made for our delectation a marvellous array of light, yet full-sized, 6-cylinder jobs, clustering round the £200 mark. Just oblige me by casting your mind back and realizing what you could get for this sum in the autumn of 1929. Can you call to mind any refinement or contributory to convenience that they lack? I give you my solemn assurance that I cannot . . . and how it is done passes my comprehension. For they are handsome in appearance, as they are handsome in behaviour.

To be frank, it struck me, in trying some of them, that they were inclined to be a shade too fast. We most of us keep our gas-foot down just as long as ever we dare, and seven-tenths of our mileage is done on the "all-out" ticket. Hence I got the suggestion that these lively, willing little fellows might tend to wear themselves out. But more experience persuades me that these clever designers who are responsible for them are . . . well, clever enough. Smooth as these vigorous engines are, they have a safety valve in the hint of fussiness that they very excusably produce when they are over-driven.

This is all to the good, because there was rather a danger that, with all these silent-third four-speed boxes, some thoughtless folk would cane their long-suffering engines into ribbons, on the principle of getting the most out of 'em all the time. And as a matter of literal fact, top gears are inclined to be on the low side, for lots of owners want to do everything on "direct"

(Continued on p. vi)



Motorist: Then what the devil do you mean by that?

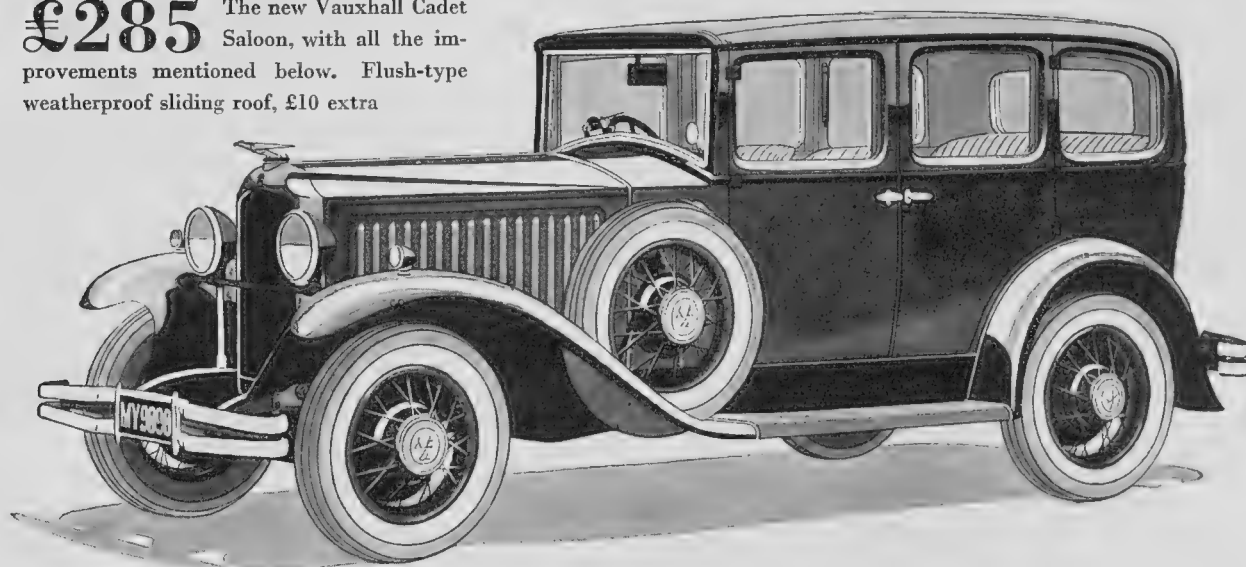
Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



NEWS!

Important improvements to the **VAUXHALL CADET**

£285 The new Vauxhall Cadet Saloon, with all the improvements mentioned below. Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £10 extra



SYNCHRO-MESH AND SILENT SECOND GEAR

YOU never need make a bad gear-change, either up or down, on the new Vauxhall Cadet. It has Synchro-Mesh Gears — which mean no double declutching, no “feeling” for gears, no pause in neutral, no stalling, no noise. A perfect gear-change *every time*. And the new second gear is as quiet-running and as free from vibration as top!

Other new improvements include

Safety glass all round • Improved wire wheels with large hubs and chromium hubcaps • Full rubber mounting for engine and rear axle, eliminating chassis vibration • Dual automatic and hand ignition control • 12-volt electrical equipment • And many other detail refinements to engine, chassis and bodies — giving smoother performance, greater comfort and a still more impressive appearance.

PRICES (*Ex Works, Hendon*)

Four-door Saloon (flush-type sliding roof £10 extra)-	£285
Two-light coupé, with sliding roof - - -	£295
Four-light coupé, with sliding roof - - -	£295
Romney drop-head coupé - - - -	£325
Tickford all-weather saloon - - - -	£325
17 H.P. 6-CYLINDERS	

*There is a special 26-h.p.
model for overseas*

Take a trial run—see how fascinating it is to drive the new Vauxhall Cadet, with easy-changing gears and silent second



OR WRITE TO VAUXHALL SALES DEPT., GENERAL MOTORS LTD., HENDON, LONDON, N.W.9
For those who want a bigger car, there is the improved 24-h.p. Vauxhall Silent Eighty, from £485
COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1

THE BOY AND THE BURGLAR

By ERIC D. BRAND

THE midsummer night was warm and fragrant with the mingled scents of Gloire de Dijon and Flake de Wills (or the drifting aroma of the beat policeman's surreptitious cigarette). From a large house farther down the suburban road came the syncopated strains of dance music. By the pavement stood a queue of automobiles, waiting silently for their merry-making owners.

The policeman paused awhile to finish his cigarette and sigh romantically, for the girl of his heart lay asleep and unconscious some twenty feet above his head (such being the bobby's happy lot that, while still performing his social duties, he may pass and re-pass 'neath his loved one's window). Presently, however, the fox-trot and his cigarette coming to a simultaneous end, he stilled his twitching toe-caps, flipped the cigarette stub over the garden fence, and set off once more on his lonely patrol.

Hardly had his footfalls passed out of hearing when a man stirred from the shadows on the other side of the fence, stumbled once over a projecting slab of Dutch paving, and made his way quickly to an adjoining French window. In his hand he carried a large suitcase. The subsequent faint sound of breaking glass was effectually concealed by the plaintive Romeowing of a tender tom-cat playing the balcony scene with a dark-eyed Persian on top of the green-house.

Inside the room the intruder's torch travelled swiftly over chairs and bookcases and a flat-topped desk, whereon stood a telephone, and finally lit upon a glass-fronted cabinet filled with gleaming silver cups and trophies. Purring with gentle satisfaction he tried the glass door and found it unlocked. With a speed born of long practice he was soon feeding the cups one by one into the suit-case, wrapping each separately in soft paper.

Suddenly there was a click. The room was flooded with light. With a curse the intruder turned, a twelve-ounce goblet poised in his hand. A pair of velvet curtains had parted at the door to admit a golden-haired, blue-eyed boy in purple silk pyjamas.

"Are you a burglar?" asked the blue-eyed boy in a sweet childish treble.

"Shush!" said the man, lowering the goblet and putting a finger to his lips. "You'll wake someone."

"No, I won't then," said the child, advancing into the room. "There's only Nurse and Betty and Sarah, and they all sleep at the top of the house."

"Where's your father?" the man demanded anxiously.

"Father and mother are travelling in France. They sent me a postcard this morning. They are stopping at a place called Roo-ong."

The intruder sighed with relief.

"Are you a burglar?" repeated the child.

"Am I a burglar!" said the man. "Say, what do you think I'm packing all these cups for? To take down to the bank? Am I a burglar!"

"I thought you might be," said the child, sitting himself cross-legged in an easy chair, "but it seemed too good to be true. I've always wanted to meet a burglar. When I heard the window crack I said to myself —"

"You heard the window?" muttered the burglar. "I must be getting clumsy, or else your ears are sharp as needles."

"They aren't bad," said the boy modestly. "Of course I've had a good deal of practice listening for cook coming downstairs when I've been in the larder. By the way, would you like some food—I guess burglars are always hungry, aren't they?"

"Thanks," said the burglar, "but I fed on steak and kidney pie before I came out. You've got it all wrong, kid. We burglars do ourselves pretty well. You can't keep your nerves nourished on one meal a day."

"All right," returned the child. "But there's some jolly good jam tart, I can tell you. What I've left of it. Tell me, have you got a wife and a little girl at home, who thinks you're a good man because she doesn't know what you do for a living?"

The burglar grinned. "I've got a wife and kid all right," he said. "But there's nothing soft about my little Mabel. She

knows what I do and she's proud of it. Why, at school she's thought a lot of because she's the only girl who has a burglar father. When I come down to breakfast each morning her first eager question is: 'What luck, Dad?' Why, she can pick a lock almost as well as I can myself."

"I'd like to meet her," said the blue-eyed boy simply. "I guess she's the only girl I could ever love. Don't let me stop your work. You'll want all those cups of Dad's, I daresay."

Thus encouraged the burglar bent once more to his task.

"He won them for rowing, but he was only a cox," said the boy disparagingly. "Not a real oarsman, you know. Have you ever won any cups; or do they give you medals for burgling?"

"They give you free board and lodging," said the burglar. "I've

been twelve months at Wandsworth and two years at the Scrubs."

"Have you really?" gasped the boy. "I say, you must be pretty well up in your line."

"Oh, so, so," said the burglar modestly. "I've cracked two hundred and three cribs since I took up the profession. This'll be the two hundred and fourth. And I might tell you, strictly on the Q.T., that I've got a bit put by, and in time I hope to retire to Bournemouth."

The boy sighed enviously. "Mabel's lucky to have a father like you. My father is just a stock-broker. He says he doesn't think he'll ever be able to retire, what with being taxed all round, having to pay sevenpence-halfpenny a unit for electric light, and buy mother fur coats. Does your wife worry you for fur coats?"

"Well, you see," admitted the burglar, removing the last gleaming cup and stowing it carefully away, "I got her a pretty good one in sable from a house in Kensington four years ago, and she makes do with that."

"Sable," whistled the boy, clasping his hands about his knees. "Mother'd give her ears for sable. I say, how do you go about becoming a burglar?"

"Ah, don't you try it," advised the man. "The game isn't what it was. Everyone's selling their best stuff. There's

(Continued on p. xvi)



MISS AURIOL LEE AND MR. JOHN VAN DRUTEN

Miss Auriol Lee is the producer of Mr. John Van Druten's new play, entitled "There's Always Juliet," which opened at the Apollo, on October 12. Miss Edna Best and her husband, Mr. Herbert Marshall, are playing the leads



"My Good-Night Beverage"

Delicious

‘OVALTINE’

Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep

P.720

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

AS the world predicted, there is a new English champion, and that champion is Miss Wanda Morgan. So the world is happy, because all of it is childish enough to enjoy saying "I told you so," and also because Miss Morgan is as suitable a champion as a week's good golf could possibly hope to produce. Miss Gourlay had her chances against her, and just failed to take them, or we might have been saying, with equal truth, what a splendid and suitable champion *she* was. So much hangs so often on so little. A chip at the 12th in the afternoon, a putt at



On the first tee at Ganton: Miss Elsie Corlett, a semi-finalist in the English Championship, with Mrs. Clarke. Miss Corlett holds the distinction of never having lost an International match

the 13th—that was perhaps all the difference there was about it, unless you take into account that the younger the player the greater her buoyancy, the less likely she is to know that fate can deal out hard knocks even to those who do not deserve them. So often it is experience which undermines confidence, instead of giving it.

Perhaps this is taking rather a leap on from where we left off last week after the first two days' play at Ganton. Let's think. Where exactly were we? Details have merged somehow in a general impression of still, grey days; mercifully fine. Even if the sun did not make much of a success of belated efforts to shine, he was readily forgiven since the wind also omitted to blow. As the weather, so was the general atmosphere of the championship, extraordinarily peaceful, pleasant, everything running on ball-bearings; nobody getting flustered or bustled or enraged over anything; folk resting content that the matches were so good, the play of so high a standard



Miss Wanda Morgan (left), the 21-year-old winner of the English Championship, and Miss Molly Gourlay, who fought magnificently in her endeavour to win the coveted title for the third time

that it really was no matter of life and death which of a couple won. All of which meant that beatings were taken in the most charming way by everybody, without excuses or even explanations, and golf had somehow slipped into its right place as a pleasure and not a grim business. Perhaps the national crisis has not been without its uses, even in so small a matter as giving back to golfers some sense of proportion.

By the fifth round the quality had settled down into something really good. Miss Gourlay was hitting the ball so far, and not omitting to do any of the counting things round the hole, that she simply gave Miss Mabel Wragg, five times Yorkshire Champion, no chance. It is all very well to put chips dead and hole long putts all the time to win holes, as Miss Wragg is in the habit of doing



A well-earned rest at Ganton for Mrs. Garnham, her daughter, Miss K. Garnham, and Miss Diana Fishwick. The latter, who was beaten in an early round, knows how to be a good loser as well as a good winner

in her own county; it is a different matter to do so against somebody so much longer than yourself that the chips and putts are to snatch half halves, and with Miss Gourlay reeling off brilliant figures, level fours for the fourteen holes of match—there was only one end possible. Miss Diana Esmond, after being apparently left at the post in a fashion which would have shocked her famous filly, Pearl Cap, settled down into her stride. Miss Livingstone kept on terms with her all the way, but Miss Esmond won by 3 and 2, and never looked quite like doing anything else. Miss Corlett got the best of a great putting duel with Miss Leetham. Miss Morgan had more control up to the hole than Miss Rudgard, who could not even get appreciable length off her from the tee. So that was the



Mrs. Clement with the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Cup which she won at Ganton after a tie with Miss Plumpton

fifth round, and the stage set for two grand semi-finals. Miss Esmond chased Miss Gourlay hard all the way, but Miss Gourlay was armed at too many points, notably in most impressive holing out, to go down before her challenger, though Miss Esmond certainly showed herself to be a far stronger and

(Continued on p. vi)

AN ALTERATION WITHOUT A CHANGE



IN AN AGE OF PASSING FASHIONS

Clothes are only an *outward* expression of the taste of each generation. Culture—character—these are things that run deeper than the passing fashions.

The label on the Dunville bottle, too, is moving with the times. The whisky, of course, is unchanged—the same mellow old Irish—the same *true* whisky. It is only the label that is altered, to be more in keeping with its modern surroundings. We show you here our new design. Fix it in your mind . . .



THAT YOU MAY
KNOW AN OLD
FRIEND BY ITS
NEW LABEL



IF YOU PREFER
WHISKY..DRINK
DUNVILLE'S

ESTABLISHED

1808

D.A-N.83

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

The Answer is "You Can't."

FURS like jewels are flattering and have their substitutes; so perfect are the latter that it needs an expert to differentiate them; that is, when they are in their first youth, later on even a novice can tell the difference. People in the fur trade are often asked, "How can I tell a good fur?" The answer is: "You can't, for nothing but experience counts." The only thing to do is to go to a firm like Revillon's, who have a reputation to lose. Just think what that means. In their salons furs are always called by their correct names, the treatment of the skins is in accordance with rules of hygiene, while the working of the same is ruled by fashion.

* * *

The Matter in a Nutshell.

Now, from a fashion point of view, Revillon's, 180, Regent Street, declare that they believe in practical femininity, and that is the keynote of their collection; another striking point is the increased accent on individuality.

Brown in all shades is regarded with favour. The morning fur coat is from 30 to 36 in. long; the one for the afternoon is about an inch shorter than the skirt; for evening there is the short bolero of ermine, the three-quarter length that reveals from 15 to 20 in. of skirt; and the long velvet fur wrap that completely envelops the figure.



Black and white are becoming, so Revillon have united them in this handsome ermine scarf enriched with tails and barrel muff

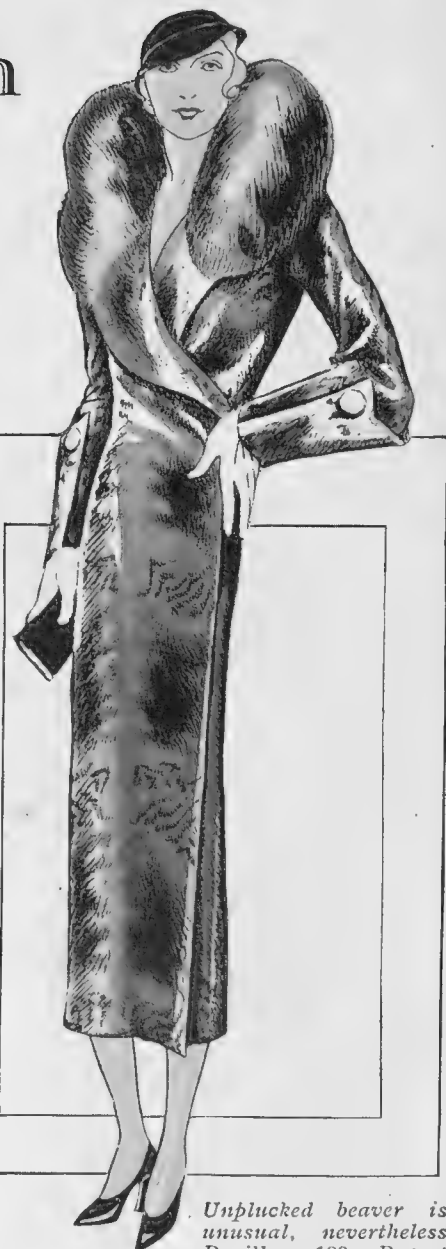
Coats of Mink.

The oaken brown shades of mink have endeared it to women, and there is no fur that varies so much in price and although of great beauty it wears exceedingly well; indeed it has been described as everlasting. Coats of it are more or less subject to fashion, nevertheless they are endowed with a classical atmosphere; of course it is not so expensive as sable. At Revillon's they are showing a number of mink coats and arranging them according to their price—the best appearing last. Black breitschwantz and galyak coats have many representatives, some being quite short; naturally much attention has been focussed on the sleeves and collars in order that novel notes may be present. All exaggeration has been banished. In some of the coats grey and black astrachan are present.

High Persian lamb collars are a feature of Revillon's collection of tweed coats, while sable squirrel collars appear on many of the pony-skin and galyak coats

Fur-trimmed Coats and Wraps.

It is sometimes overlooked that this firm excel in fur-trimmed coats and evening wraps. The



Unplucked beaver is unusual, nevertheless Revillon 180, Regent Street, have used it for this pony-skin coat. The collar widens the shoulders and diminishes the apparent size of the waist

art of the tailor and the furrier is seen in happy unison in the former. Collars have been designed to emphasize the slender waist and at the same time widen the shoulders. Evening wraps, no matter whether they be entirely of fur or fur-trimmed, give the impression of luxuriousness, although the prices that prevail are exceptionally moderate.

* * *

Pictured Fashions.

Characteristic of the Revillon collection are the models portrayed on this page. The long coat on the extreme right is expressed in pony-skin, the markings of which are exceptionally beautiful. The collar is composed of plucked beaver—an unusual fur that wears exceedingly well; the wide revers and cuffs are important features. The scarf and muff in the centre are of black and white ermine; the former finished with tails. The long coat on the left is of diagonal tweed, the collar being of Persian lamb; there are many versions on this theme all of which are endowed with individual notes which place them on a plane apart. Decidedly smart is the short pony-skin coat with its sable squirrel collar.

(Continued on p. ii)



Revillon's



Beauty depends far more on the Eyes . . .



The Speedometers of the Years

Treatment for Tired, Lined Eyes

In this treatment the muscles of the eyes are toned and strengthened by soothing massage. Hot bandalettes which contain fine herbs gathered from the East are applied; while these are still moist with special lotion, a new process is applied which penetrates and stimulates with magic healing effect. Expert assistants for this "Special Treatment" are now in daily attendance at 30, Old Bond Street.

Chin and Neck Treatment

The neck should be a worthy pivot to a woman's classic contour. Here the first signs of age become manifest. Eleanor Adair has perfected a new Manipulative Treatment for the chin and neck which vibrates with life, tones and flushes the blood cells, smooths out lines and hollows, corrects too generous outlines and results in a graceful swan-like appearance to the neck.

"THE SKETCH" says—

"Eternally youthful in contour and complexion is the woman who uses the Ganesh Beauty Preparations of Eleanor Adair."

If you wish to look your best try the invigorating help of Eleanor Adair's Beauty Treatment and Preparations. They are unrivalled in the Beauty Culture World. The personality of each client is studied—very Special attention is given to the treatment of different skins which reflects and enhances the personal charm.

GANESH CHIN STRAP

Keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins.

10/6, 15/6, 21/6

EASTERN MUSCLE OIL

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

4/6, 8/6, 17/6

DIABLE SKIN TONIC

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of the finest texture.

4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 17/6

GANESH LILY LOTION

Is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it soft and fair; it is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder.

4/6, 6/6, 8/6

GANESH DARA

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors.

10/6

GANESH BANDALETES

Will remove lines and the jaded appearance from the eyes. Most soothing and restful. Box containing dozen,

10/6

GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD

Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins.

2/-, 5/-, 8/6

GANESH CLEANSING CREAM

For thoroughly cleansing the skin. Invaluable for motoring or when travelling.

2/-, 5/-, 7/6

GANESH REDUCING SALTINA

This wonderful preparation will reduce the most obstinate cases of obesity. It removes all foreign and impure matter from the pores of the skin. Also excellent for Rheumatism. Price 1/3 per box (a box is required for each bath) or 12/- per dozen boxes.

Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Fur-trimmed Coats.

There is no doubt about it that all who wish to tread the path of economy pleasantly must go to Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, and see the winter coats in the model department, as there are downright gilt-edged investments from 5 guineas. For this amount there are tweed coats with long revers and handsome Australian opossum collars, and there are evening wraps of figured velvet with foxaline collars for the same price. The coat on the left of this page is of ribbed velour enriched with a musquash collar, and although it is available in black, green, brown, and blue, it is only 6 guineas. The model on the right is fashioned of blue boucle cloth and is generously trimmed with Mongolian lamb; it is 6½ guineas. This firm's autumn catalogue is ready; a careful study of its pages will convince all and sundry that the very best value possible is given in exchange for the money expended.

The Triumph of Shoes and Bags.

Monsieur, the fashionable restaurant in Piccadilly, was recently the scene of a very interesting fashion parade. There was a triple alliance: the frocks, hats, and wraps were contributed by Richard Sands of Sloane Street, the shoes by Dolcis, and the bags by Drew of Piccadilly. There is no doubt about it that the Dolcis shoes are ultra smart, especially those of the semi-sandal persuasion which have been robbed of their shanks. There were some neat court shoes of satin and crêpe that had evidently been dyed to match the frocks they accompanied. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the practical footwear, seen in conjunction with the ensembles that were destined to be worn in the country and on the links, were admirable. A noteworthy feature of the bags, many of them of the pochette genre, were the fastenings; a black suède one was reinforced with golden chains finished with pale pink coral balls. There were several crocodile as well as patent leather affairs, and then there were the more decorative ones enriched with embroidery.

Modern Colour Schemes.

And now reverting to the frocks and wraps which were sponsored by Richard Sands. The colour schemes were original and artistic, and as a consequence were warmly applauded. Imagine a begonia-red hopsac dress with a bolero of chocolate brown edged with astrachan. Another new note was struck by a corduroy velveteen coat, the hat and muff being of felt enriched with fur. Vermilion georgette angel sleeves sprang



Although coats demand that they shall be enriched with fur, these from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, are exceptionally moderate in price. The model on the left is of ribbed velour with handsome musquash collar, and the one above is of boucle cloth trimmed in a decidedly original manner with Mongolian lamb



from the elbows of a black angel skin frock. It is to be regretted that lack of space forbids a description of the lovely evening dresses and wraps; this firm will, however, be pleased to show them to all who are intent on replenishing their wardrobe for the winter.

Fashion in Silhouette.

A very unusual note was struck at Jaeger's (352, Oxford Street) Fashion Parade, and that was that at the back of the stage various figures were introduced depicting the fashionable silhouette; they were lighted from below. Many were disappointed that they did not move; they seemed to imagine that they would perform similar antics to those achieved by Walt Disney's. The fashions were naturally shown on manne-

quins; there was certainly no monotony about them. This firm do indeed excel in fashions for town and country wear. Too much cannot be said in favour of the military great-coats; they are made of camel hair, admirably tailored and reinforced with flap pockets and flattering collars; they look so smart when seen in conjunction with one of this firm's new mufflers. There was a unique variety of tweed coats, some enriched with fur and some innocent of it; there were dresses and jumper and cardigan suits for every type of figure at prices to suit all exchequers—they were practical as well as smart. The requirements of the inhabitants of the nursery have received the greatest consideration. Illustrated catalogues will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

Lovely Bridal Dresses.

Everyone applauded the lovely wedding dresses that were shown at the Fashion Parade at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street. One was made in the society workrooms, and was expressed in ivory satin, the veil being of tulle, while the other was of that very modish fabric, angel skin. Appreciating the fact that women are endeavouring to economise a feature was made of inexpensive frocks and suits. For instance there was a decidedly attractive green marl cardigan suit for £2 5s. 9d., and there was another of brown zibeline cloth, enriched with pony-skin, for £7 18s. 6d. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact, that there was a corinth red artificial silk georgetine dress for £1 17s. 6d.

(Continued on p. iv)

*F*ASHION decrees — more emphatically than ever — that finger-nails must sparkle brilliantly.

With Cutex Liquid Polish you can give your nails this smart finish easily. It spreads on smoothly, evenly — and dries in half a minute. It lasts undimmed a whole week — never peels or turns brown. Its brilliant lustre is unmatched.

And *before* you apply the polish use Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser to make your nail-tips white and immaculate, your nail rims smooth and shapely.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Keeping Step with the Times.

In these days, when it is necessary to practise economy, it is always pleasant to know something about the prices that prevail; therefore a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Smee, the well-known tailor of 55, South Molton Street, makes a feature of well-tailored coats and skirts, as well as wrap coats, for £6 6s. He is responsible for the model portrayed on this page—note the flattering collar, novel cuffs, patch pockets and belt; it would look well carried out in a variety of materials, including tweeds,



This admirably tailored tweed coat from Smee, 55, South Molton Street, shows that there is nothing smarter than simplicity

Sarah Jane, 19, Davies Street, is responsible for these accessories. The jumper is of bulla-bure; the upper part is of old gold, the lower being of gold and brown plaid with bag to match; the scheme is completed with a felt hat. The model on the right is of royal blue marocain

patterns of which, together with self-measurement forms and illustrations of other designs, he will gladly send gratis and post free; naturally, the name of this paper must be mentioned.

* * *

Frocks that Please.

The fashions at Florida's (15, Harewood Place, Hanover Square, W.) are sure to please; they have annexed fashion's attractive commands, exaggerated and bizarre notes being banished. Now the frock pictured on the right of this page may be seen there; it is expressed in pale corn-coloured andamoussa (note the pleats above the belt and think how helpful they would be to any figure), the buttons on the hips harmonize with those on the sleeves, while the halter collar, reinforced with bows and ends, is of satin; now, notwithstanding its manifold advantages, it is 8½ guineas; while the felt hat, trimmed with a feather fantaisie, is 2½ guineas. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there is a splendid assortment of jumper suits and dresses from 6½ guineas.

* * *

The Diaphragm Belt.

Now, as every woman knows, no gown can be a true success unless due consideration has been given to the foundation garments. Florida is warmly to be congratulated on her diaphragm belt; the good work it performs cannot be overestimated. The brassière portion is made of Milanese, while the part that supports the diaphragm is of elastic and is adjustable; another strong point in its favour is that it is robbed of all complicated fastenings, and it is available for 25s. 6d. All ordering by post must remember that the only measurements necessary are the waist and bust; these should be rather tight.

"Verapa."

Before the cold weather sets in women should make a point of seeing the new "Verapa" combinations, which are sold by outfitters of prestige. They are made in several different qualities to suit all tastes and fit the figure like a glove. This new shape of V wrap requires no fastening to keep it in position; it gives perfect ease of movement and absolute protection. They are made by the manufacturers of the well-known "Helena" underwear, a firm that has helped to build up the fame of the woollen industry of this town.



Ever so becoming and moderate in price is this andamoussa frock from Florida, 15, Harewood Place, the new halter collar being of satin; the felt hat is trimmed with a feather fantaisie



The New Chesterfield—

a distinguished overcoat

This overcoat could not have been bought for six guineas last autumn — not even at Austin Reed's. Yet that is its price to-day. The fine Saxony cloth has been specially chosen for its long-wearing quality. The cut is precisely correct. And you *know* that the fit will be perfect, that every detail will be just as you like it. For at Austin Reed's there is no question of buying until you are completely satisfied in every way. The selection is so wide and our system is so carefully worked out that it will take but a very few minutes to find the overcoat that is exactly right for you.



Double-Breasted Chesterfield

Overcoats in Navy Blue and

Oxford Grey Saxonies . . .

6 GUINEAS

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of REGENT STREET

ELEVEN "NEW TAILORING" CENTRES

WEST END: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 24 Coventry Street, W.1 CITY: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3
Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Belfast

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 86

more finished golfer than most people suspected. Miss Gourlay won only at the last hole, and that by virtue of an extremely good chip there.

In the other semi-final Miss Morgan had just as much ado to beat Miss Elsie Corlett, who took her to the eighteenth after Miss Morgan had been 2 up and three to go, and only lost there because she embraced a pine tree and Miss Morgan got home in two fine shots.

As to the final, both started really nervously and if Miss Gourlay had taken her chances, she might have run away with a lead which would have been unbeatable. Instead she only achieved getting 2 up, and by lunch time a magnificent 35 home from Miss Morgan had turned that lead into 3 down. By the turn in the afternoon Miss Gourlay had got the match back to square, but she could not make the final thrust to be up herself; Miss Morgan survived the shaking with a courage which was remarkable and came again to win 3 and 1.

Miss Wilson's sad defeats in both America and Canada, Miss Pentony's gallant win of the Irish Championship final from Mrs. Todd, will have to go unsung. There are the opening stages of Ranelagh and Roehampton in "Britannia and Eve's" Autumn Foursomes to be dealt with. Only one day of them, certainly, which was not quite enough at Roehampton to tell much, except that the long handicaps can fight just as bravely as the short ones, Mrs. Waldron Rose from Milltown hit the ball as far as the best, Miss Tate put the critical putts as dead, and a few other isolated items of that sort.

But at Ranelagh such things happened as the defeat of the holders, Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond, after a terrific struggle in which Miss I. Doxford and Miss Browne made a happy habit of dispensing with superfluous putts. Mrs. Dudley Charles and Miss Sylvia Bailey had even fewer, Mrs. C. F. Richardson and Miss Marsden pulled a remarkable match out of the fire against Miss Dobson and Miss Boosey, winning at the twenty-first after having

been two down and two to go. Mrs. Clarke and Miss Rudgard—but this is fruitless. There is no space to tell of all the doughty deeds. Let it just be said that the first day had perfect weather, and that Ranelagh, never grim, was if possible even lighter-hearted than usual.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 82

—in spite of the four-speeders. Here, may I seek to remove a misapprehension which my correspondence informs me is widely held. Gear changing on a four-speeder is not one whit more difficult, nor more frequent, than on a three-speeder; in fact, in the majority of cases it is a jolly sight easier. Until you want to climb a cliff, you can afford to forget "bottom."

There, then, are three highly important and well supported classes of car—the ever popular Baby, the light family saloon, and the high performance four-seater. But there are two other groups, well distinguished and definite at this Olympia that are just as much worthy of recognition. These are the very striking full five-seaters from about £300 to about £500, in which space some very, very noteworthy vehicles find a place; and the highly advanced luxury cars (one cannot call them anything else) which surround the mark of £700 or thereabouts. In both, British engineers and British coachcraftsmen have done really extraordinary things; and it is, indeed, very hard to say which are deserving of the higher praise.

It goes without saying that under, and over, and around these main types there are any number of intermediate types, filling up gaps, catering for individual requirements, and having their own particular claims to renown. And that is exactly as it should be, for the Briton will never put up with a restriction of choice. But what I think is of more than passing note is that this Show marks, for the first time, the fact that in the main the motor industry is concentrating its efforts upon a logical chain of types that may well represent milestones upon the road which the motorist makes in his progress.



AT THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW: THE HON. FLORENCE AMHERST AND HER SALUKIS

The Hon. Florence Amherst had a good many successes at the Crystal Palace last week with some of the dogs seen in this picture. The Saluki, like the Afghan hound, hails from north of the frontiers of India

LIMITED NUMBER OF DIAMOND RINGS

greatly below usual prices

VALUABLE COLLECTION OF JEWELLERY BROKEN UP

GEMS REMOUNTED IN NEW RINGS OF MODERN DESIGN



Sapphire & Diamonds £38



Diamonds £11 11 0



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THESE RINGS
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Diamond £26



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Diamonds £10.10.0



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Diamond £30



Diamonds £23

A huge saving in the cost of these rings has been effected by setting them with selected gems from a collection of jewellery, purchased on exceptionally advantageous terms and broken up. Moreover, now that the market price of diamonds is rising, these rings represent more remarkable value than ever.

Benson's System of Monthly Payments makes it easy for you to acquire one of these rings without disturbing your bank balance. For example, a £20 ring can be yours for £1 down and 19 monthly sums of £1. No interest is charged. It is not expected that this limited stock will last long and the opportunity may never occur again. Call at Benson's showrooms or write at once for new illustrated list showing full selection of these special rings.

NOTE—Now is an extremely advantageous time to buy because, despite the recent rise of approximately 25% in the

price of gold and precious stones, Benson's will make no increase in the price of any of their goods while present stocks last.

OTHER BENSON OFFERS—You may purchase any of Benson's pocket-watches, chains, clocks, jewellery, solid silver and silver-plated tea and coffee sets, spoons, forks, etc., on Benson's popular "Times" System of monthly payments at cash prices. Call or write for full particulars and illustrated catalogues, stating your requirements and mentioning "Tatler."

JW Benson

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All for Beauty



The Importance of After-summer Care

This interval between summer and winter is a critical time for your skin. Sun- and wind have parched and coarsened it; the bright glare has drawn fine lines around your eyes. If neglected now the damage may be permanent. Spare a few minutes for wise daily care with these HARRIET HUBBARD AYER preparations, and you can smooth away every trace of that weather-beaten look—can bring back whiteness, smoothness, delicacy.

First, LUXURIA for a thorough, pore-deep cleansing. Its cool richness also softens the skin; makes it smooth and supple. Pat on LEMON LOTION to refresh and lighten the sun-darkened skin. Banish the lines from eyes and mouth with SKIN AND TISSUE BUILDER, which also repairs the shrivelled places. Spread a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM over the face, neck and arms, to refine the texture and banish the dull "spotty" look that sunburn leaves. This is the cream which so quickly restores the clear transparency and sparkle of your skin. To fade out freckles and tone down severe discolorations, use MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION each night and allow it to dry in.

Begin today to soothe and nourish, to replenish the natural oils and lubricate the skin, so that it may be in perfect condition to withstand the biting air of winter.

Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Lemon Lotion, Price 4/-, 8/-; Skin and Tissue Builder, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Moth and Freckle Lotion, Price 3/6, 7/-, are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

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BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson
MISS NORA DOROTHY TOWER

Youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percival H. Tower, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Robert Lionel Hunter Mathews, only son of the late Dr. S. R. H. and Mrs. Mathews

A South African Engagement.

An interesting engagement is that of Mr. Watson Harold Dyson of Umbogintwini, Natal, younger son of Sir Frank and Lady Dyson of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and Ursula, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Q. Stubbings of Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa.

Recent Engagements.

Among the engagements recently announced is that between Commander Walter Fallowfield, R.N., H.M.S. *Warspite*, youngest son of the late Captain H. G. Fallowfield, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and of the late Mrs. Mackintosh, and Elizabeth

November Weddings Abroad.

Early in November Lieutenant Henry Wright, Royal Navy, younger son of the Rev. D. F. and Mrs. Wright, Sopley Vicarage, Christchurch, will marry Miss Elspeth Catherine Anderson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Anderson of Pitormie, Dairsie, Fife. The marriage will take place at Malta, and on November 14 Mr. J. Lancaster Wells will marry Miss Lorna Smith, only daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Smith, Merlewood, Virginia Water, at Cawnpore, India.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RICHARD DE
VERE WHITE

Who were married at Srinagar. Captain White is attached to the 4th Batt. 13th Frontier Force Rifles. Mrs. White was Miss Ada Marguerite Boucher of Guernsey

Baker, 16, Boxwell Road, Berkhamsted, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Baker of Cambridge; Mr. Conolly Robert McCausland, Irish Guards, only son of Mr. M. M. McCausland, H.M.L., and Mrs. McCausland of Drenagh, Co. Derry, and Miss Margaret Louisa Edgcumbe, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenelm Edgcumbe of Aldenham Grange, Aldenham, Herts; Mr. John Ridgeway McNeil Shelford, the West Yorkshire Regiment, second son of the Rev. L. McNeill and Mrs. Shelford, Harlington, Middlesex, and Miss Beatrice (Betty) Deuchar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Deuchar, Dissington Hall, Dalton, Northumberland, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. James Deuchar, Stichill, Kelso, Roxburghshire and Newcastle-on-Tyne; Wing-Commander

Richard Hallam Peck, O.B.E., Royal Air Force, the Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Peck of Liverpool, and Lilian Fay, younger daughter of Mr. William J. Young, 1, Prince's Row, S.W.1, and the late Mrs. Young; Mr. J. Duvivier, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Duvivier of Paris, and Evelyn House, Kensington, and Doris, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Reid of Old Court Place, Kensington.



Bussano
MISS BARBARA STEVENS

Daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Stevens, who is to wed Mr. E. B. Harrison, son of the late Mr. Reginald Harrison and Mrs. Harrison of Bedford



PRINCE'S PLATE

IS READY FOR THE WINTER

The range of utility articles in Prince's Plate comprise all the "essentials" of a perfectly equipped Table. The life-long wearing quality of Prince's Plate hardly requires emphasis and prices, too, are quite moderate.
Muffin Dishes from 22/6 : Entrée Dishes from 45/- ; Heating Stands from 52/6 : "Pyrex" Dishes from 35/- ; Electrically-heated Kettles from 100/-. We shall be glad to show you any of these or other articles, or to forward a fully illustrated Catalogue

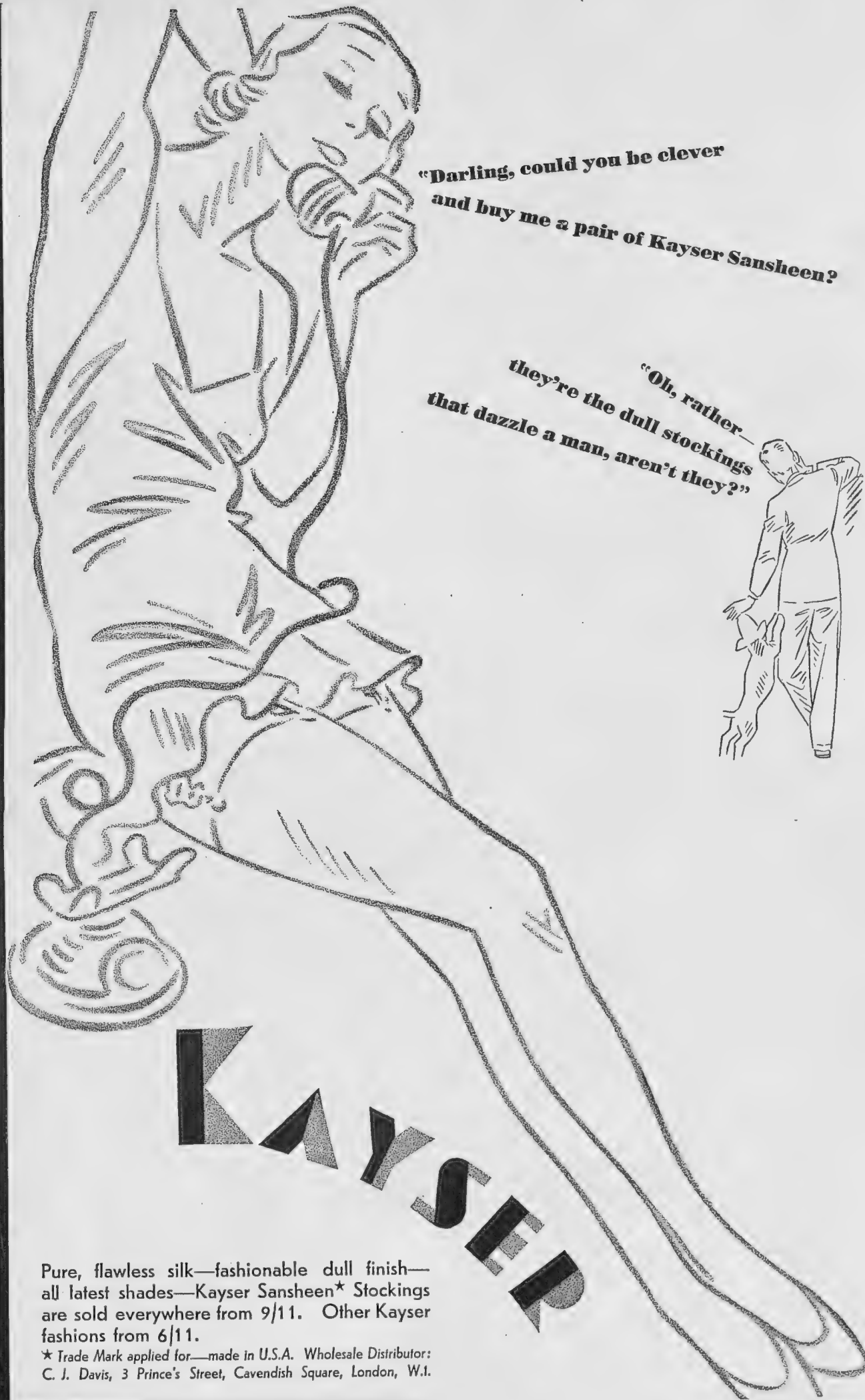
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and buy me a pair of Kayser Sansheen?"**

**"Oh, rather—
they're the dull stockings
that dazzle a man, aren't they?"**



KAYSER

Pure, flawless silk—fashionable dull finish—
all latest shades—Kayser Sansheen★ Stockings
are sold everywhere from 9/11. Other Kayser
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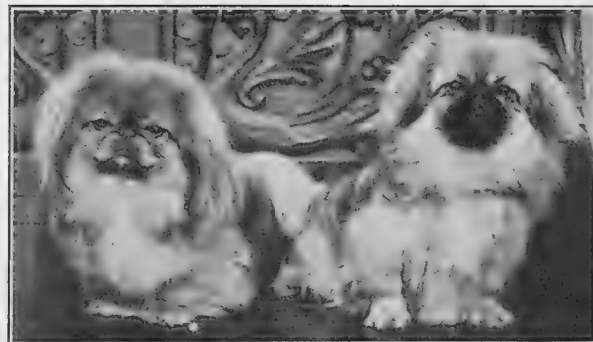
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The Scottish Kennel Club Show has come and gone. The entry was slightly down, as was to be expected in these days, but there were nearly as many dogs benched and the usual deeply interested crowd which always attends this show. There were many of our members showing and winning as usual. Among them the Misses Loughrey, Miss Richmond, Miss Reoch, and Miss Bell, all showing deerhounds; Mrs. Leslie Thornton, who had motored from Sussex in one day with Champion Danko and his companions; the Duchess of Montrose, Mrs. Jaffray, and Mrs. Kavanagh with their schnauzers; Mrs. Mannoch, and hosts of other members. There was quite a nice entry of French bulldogs, a novelty at this show, or at least there have not been any classes for them for some years. It is always a good thing for a breed when it starts on fresh ground with fresh exhibitors.



SEALYHAM BITCH
The property of Mrs. Tollemache



DESMOND AND SILVERWING OF BROUGHTY
The property of Miss Douglas

The pekingese preserves his place as one of the best known and most widely appreciated of the toy breeds. He is as full of character as he looks, which is saying a good deal; no dog has more character in his appearance and bearing. But it is unnecessary to praise the pekingese; he does not need praise. Miss Douglas has one of the best kennels of pekingese in Scotland; she sends a picture of two of her winners, Desmond, and Silverwing of Broughty Ferry. It can be seen what a lovely type they are. Miss Douglas has a son of Silverwing for sale; she says, "He is affectionate

and full of fun and would be an ideal pet for children. He is accustomed to living out of doors and is very strong and hardy. Miss Douglas is anxious for him to have a specially good home, so would take a small price. She also has a miniature for sale, both are under a year old. These dogs are brought up out of doors on the east coast of Scotland, so should certainly be hardy."

The sealyham is also a firm favourite and is one of the most popular of the terriers both on the bench and as a companion. Mrs. Tollemache sends a photograph of a sealyham young lady she wishes to sell before the winter comes, as she has too many. The little lady is small, very intelligent, and particularly fond of children. She is also a valuable little dog as she is very well bred. She is eight months old.

Mrs. O'Brien's Alsatians are well known to us. She has puppies and young dogs for sale, and at this moment has a nice litter to dispose of by Miss Workman's winning dog Champion Adalo of Cearc. Alsatians are dogs of marked character, and they are greatly influenced by the way they are brought up. All Mrs. O'Brien's dogs live in the house and are used to children, chickens, sheep, etc.

I have a letter from a member who would like to take a paying guest who would pay a small sum "and give an eye to my little dogs after Christmas." This is at Brighton, which is very nice in the winter.

I also have an application from a girl who has recently left school and is anxious to take up kennel work. She cannot afford training fees, but would like to go to some well-known kennel, where tuition and board might be obtained in return for service.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SALLY OF SCRIVERTON
The property of Mrs. O'Brien

CELES (PURE SILK)



Model No. 5626.

Sports Shirt with detachable collar. As in all Celes—cut in our special way so as to give the utmost freedom of movement, with the neatness and good fit for which Celes Shirts are famous. Can be worn outside or inside the skirt.

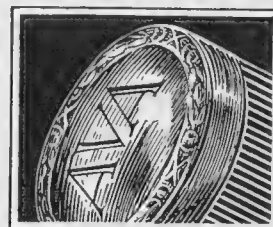
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Give your skin the benefit of

ULTRA VIOLET RAYS



IT IS the treatment of the ingredients in Ava which gives this new soap such powers to benefit your skin. You'll find it the smoothest soap you ever used. The longest lasting in fragrance because of the special Ava process. The surest aid to the fresh, lovely skin you desire.



Box of 3 Tablets
2/-

SINGLE 8^D TABLET

Guest Size, 3d.

Oatmeal Soap, 4d. Tablet
White Heather Soap 6d.
Tablet. Eau de Cologne from
1/6 bottle, Eau de Cologne
Hair Fixative, 1/-.

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SOAP

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The Proprietors of Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes have a number of the above tablets in stock, and will send a sample on receipt of post card from the Secretary of any Golf Club. The Tablets are 9" \times 6", and are made of aluminium.

Post cards should be addressed:

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Castle Tobacco Factory, Nottingham.

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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 78

Hussars" knew what they were doing. It was, I believe, one of the most efficient and smartest shows in the whole shooting match before the show was over. Its fighting qualities were never in any manner of doubt.

* * * Those distinguished war correspondents of the Boer War epoch were the immediate successors of old "Burly Bennett," whose real name was Bennett-Burleigh, who was out for the "Daily Telegraph" in all those Fuzzy Wuzzy battles in the Sudan. He was, I think I recollect—being much interested and ambitious to do likewise in those times—at all the operations round about the time of El Teb and Tamaai, when that "Injia rubber nuisance" laughed a bullet to scorn and charged right up to the place where the bayonet meets the muzzle—and broke a British square, which took a bit of doing. Kipling never wrote anything more descriptive of something he had never seen than when he spoke of the brave Hadendowa as a "big black boundin' beggar," and said "so ere's 'to yer Fuzzy Wuzzy at your 'ome in the Sudan; you're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man." Fanatic he may have been and with nasty ways with his broad-leaved spear and his little curved knife, but guts he had, and it was right when Thomas Atkins took his hat off to him.

* * * Two more contributions to the Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund have been sent in to me by Mrs. Wilfred Holden, Bromson Hall, Leamington,

and have been forwarded to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, to credit of the account which Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke is keeping open there. The amounts are as follows:

Major Thomas Bouch	-	-	-	£10 0 0
Lieut.-Colonel Stewart Gemmell	-	-	-	2 2 0


This brings the amount sent in per Mrs. Wilfred Holden up to £45 12s., which is an excellent achievement. Major Bouch, as many people know, is an ex-Master of the Belvoir, and Lieut.-Colonel Stewart Gemmell, Peatling Hall, Lutterworth, is also well known in Leicestershire hunting circles.

* * * Many as are the stories of the humanity and private benefices of the late Sir William Orpen, whose death the world of Art, and also many other worlds, deeply deplore, I think one story about him, which is my own particular property, and which was duly recorded in these notes at the time it came my way, will bear repetition. It had to do with the winning of the Grand National, which year I will not divulge, by an opulent young owner, who naturally was very elated and desired to do everything he could to signalize his triumph. That distinguished horse-painter, Mr. Munnings, was commissioned to do a portrait of the winner, and as I was watching him at work on it in company with the veteran trainer, the latter said: "And this isn't the finish of it by no means, as Mr. S— will have it that I've got to have me picture too!" I said: "And who's the artist?" "I don't know for sure," said he, "but I have heard that it's to be that there Sir 'Enery Orpington!"

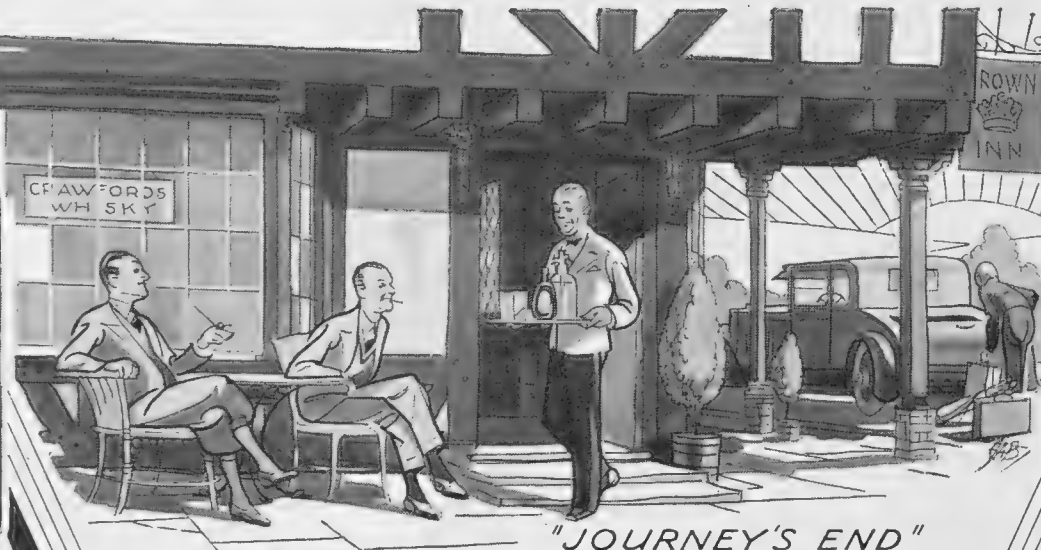


THE WINNING TEAM AT THE COLCHESTER GARRISON RIFLE MEETING

Officers of the 2nd Batt. the Northamptonshire Regiment, who won the Officers' Cup at the recently held annual meeting of the Colchester Garrison Rifle Association. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Captain J. V. Brewin, M.C., Lieut. E. L. Percival, Lieut. C. G. L. Tomkins, and Lieut. D. E. Taunton; front row—Lieut. H. Payne and Captain A. O. F. Winkler



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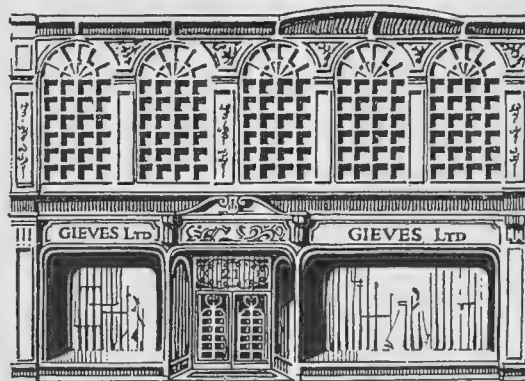


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TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST



A GIFT BOX FOR THE INVALID
At Fortnum and Mason's

A Very Difficult Problem Solved.

No matter how resourceful the majority are, when it comes to choosing something that will give real pleasure to an invalid, no matter whether in a nursing home or at home, all original ideas regarding gifts seem to take unto themselves wings. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, have solved the difficulty by filling artistic boxes with luxuries and necessities that are sure to please. In the first instance the monotony of a dreary day is broken by examining the various things, and then there is the real delight in using or eating them. These gift boxes are from half a guinea; naturally the one portrayed is more, as it contains invalid tea, playing cards, barley sugar, chocolate, Eau de Cologne, powder puffs, pencil, and clips for answered and unanswered letters. A record is kept of the contents of each box sent, so that they cannot be duplicated. Naturally the contents may be varied to suit the taste of the recipient. So successful have these boxes been that they are preparing others suitable for men and children; particulars will be sent on application.

"By Candle Light."

Women know by experience that candle light is kind to them and modern man appreciates this fact. It is so flattering because it is robbed of violent white shades, but in it are present subdued yellow nuances which cast becoming shadows over the face, camouflaging as it were, wrinkles and other blemishes. There was something very delightful in the days of mystery when the candle flickered, seemed ready to go out, changed its mind, and then flared up again. Many clever women always try to sit so that their hair reflects the glow of the candles. The yellow light like the sunshine brings out the high lights of the hair, and transforms lack-lustre tresses into a shimmering aureole. The charm of the Nell Gwynn candles must be seen to be appreciated; they have three distinct missions, (1) decoration, (2) for lighting, (3) for gifts. Another strong point in their favour is that they are solid dyed. All interested in the subject must write to J. C. and J. Field, Lambeth, for free booklet, "Lights of Other Days," for which there is no charge.



"NELL GWYNN" DECORATIVE CANDLES



THE INTERNATIONAL
OVERSEAS
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PARIS
1931

ONLY A SHORT TIME LEFT TO SEE THESE SPLENDOURS!

Crowds, Crowds, Crowds day after day, week after week, month after month Crowds throng the magnificent exhibits and broad avenues of France's superb exposition of her far-flung colonies.

Are you one of the very few who has not seen the International Colonial Exhibition in Paris? If so, make your plans quickly to cross the Channel—perhaps for a week-end—and visit this stupendous sight while there is still time.

The great success of the Exhibition has proved the world's interest in this unusual display. The hopes of all who have visited it have been more than fulfilled—it has surprised and interested even the most sceptical. The one regret is that it will soon be over.

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All travel bureaux will give you full information. Special reduced rates are available. The Exhibition is open until the beginning of November.

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Sleep under this BLANKET



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► **WARM** . . in winter

► **COOL** . . in summer

Restful, tranquil sleep every night of the year. Extra warmth on cold winter nights — cool, refreshing sleep in the sultry heat of summer.

Lan-air-cel — the cellular blanket. Feather-light — and *magically warm!* *Magically cool!* Woven in a pattern of small cells that hold countless small pockets of air. Adjusting itself to *every change in the temperature.*

Made in Scotland of pure new wool, satin-bound or with whipped ends. In Cream and 9 exquisite pastel shades to tone with any bedroom colour-scheme. At all good stores.

Write for booklet "Healthier Sleep" (post free) and for the name of your nearest retailer, to McCallum & Craigie Ltd., Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2, or 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

LAN-AIR-CEL

REGD.

CELLULAR BLANKET

CHOSEN BY H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK

INVENTED 100,000,000 B.C. Mother Nature hit on the idea of the air-cell as a protective covering aeons ago when she invented fur and feathers which catch and hold countless small pockets of air. Since air is a *non-conductor of both heat and cold*, Nature's covering keeps animals and birds "warm in winter and cool in summer."

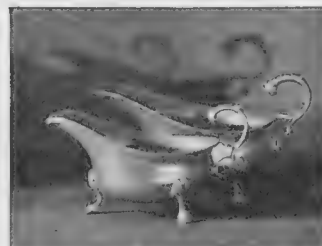
In making Lan-air-cel, we have used Nature's artifice and woven a cellular blanket for your greater bodily comfort and repose every night of the year.

BY APPOINTMENT



TO H.M. THE KING

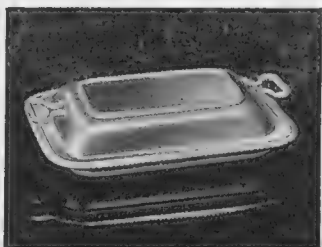
The price of Silver is rising!



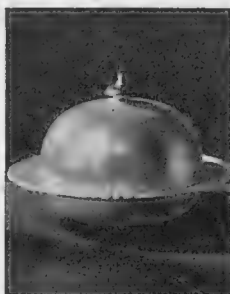
Sterling Silver SAUCE BOAT. £2 10 0
Smaller Size £1 17 6



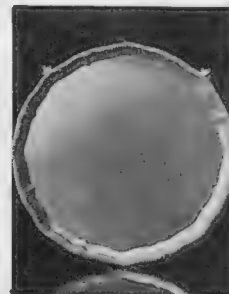
Sterling Silver CONDIMENT SET, comprising Mustard Pot and Salt Cellar with blue glass linings and spoons, and Pepper Pot, in velvet-lined case. £2 12 6



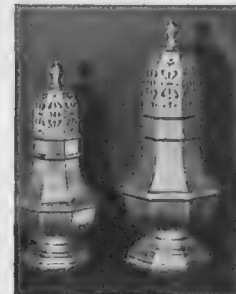
Sterling Silver ENTREE DISH, length 10½ inches. £9 0 0
The cover forms an extra dish.



Sterling Silver MUFFIN DISH with cover and lining. £4 5 0



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Sterling Silver octagonal shaped SUGAR CASTER. Copy of Antique.
Height 6½ ins. ... £1 13 6
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CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET. NO OTHER ADDRESS

The Boy and the Burglar

(Continued from p. 84)

hardly a house now that's got any silver in it. As for the safes, they don't contain anything but share certificates, which aren't worth the paper they're written on."

"That's a pity," sighed the boy. "I guess I'll have to be an engine-driver, after-all." He slipped off the chair and stood regarding the burglar with his head poised quizzically to one side.

"You know, you don't look a bit like a burglar. You've got a white shirt, and your face is quite clean. Nurse always told me that burglars wore ragged old caps and blue chins, and carried revolvers."

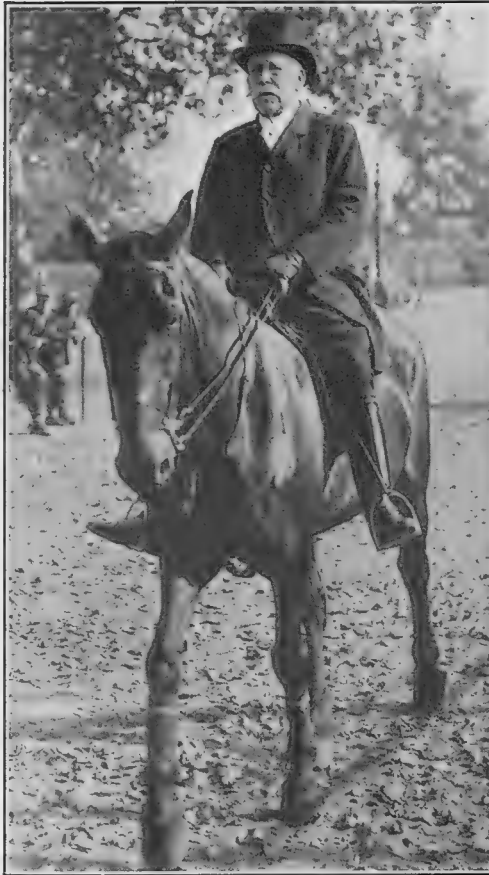
"Your nurse is old-fashioned," said the burglar, chuckling at the idea. "We'd have a sloop always at our heels if we looked like that. And it doesn't pay to carry revolvers either. They're likely to go off if you get excited, and that means two years added to your stretch."

"I see," said the boy thoughtfully. "By the way, have you got far to carry that bag? Won't the slops see you and want to know what's in it?"

"You're a cute one, you are," conceded the burglar, looking at him admiringly. "There's not much you don't think of. Well, strictly between ourselves, I don't mind telling you that there's a dance on down the road and I've got my car parked at the end of their queue. No cause for suspicion, see?"

"You're a cute one, you are," mimicked the boy, with his eyes dancing. "I'm awfully pleased to have met you. And I'm sorry I can't offer you anything to drink—but that's one thing father keeps locked up."

"Don't mention it," said the burglar, courteously. And added: "Now, kid, what else is



IN THE ROW: SIR FREDERICK
MACMILLAN

On his eightieth birthday—a good performance by the head of the famous firm of publishers. Sir Frederick is one of the people who believe in the saying about the outside of a horse being the best thing for the inside of a man

there about the place? Any silver spoons in the dining-room?"

"It's mostly electro-plate, I'm afraid," apologized the boy. "There's really nothing else much worth taking. Oh, except father's old watch. That's pretty good; real gold. But it doesn't go."

"It'll go all right directly I lay hands on it," chuckled the burglar. "Where is it?"

"I'll get it for you," said the boy, turning eagerly to the desk. "It's in here. By the way, you might as well have that little clock on the mantel-piece. Father thinks a lot of that."

"Clocks are heavy," grumbled the burglar. "Still, as there's nothing else—" He took down the little clock, wrapped it carefully in paper, and transferred it to his now well-filled case. "I must say," he admitted handsomely, "that you're a most obliging kid. There aren't many youngsters like you. Most of 'em would either be yelling for their ma, or else hanging around trying to reform me, trotting out the sob-stuff and asking me to be a better man." He clicked the catches of the suitcase and turned about and looked into the small, round, uncompromising muzzle of a tiny blue automatic.

"Stick up your hands," said the boy calmly. "Stick 'em up!"

The burglar gaped. The child's little fist pointed the gun unwaveringly at his stomach.

"Now—now, you be careful with that," he advised hoarsely. "If that happens to be loaded you—you might hurt yourself, kid." He took a half step towards the fragile figure.

"Stand where you are," commanded the boy, with his eyes no longer childlike. "And don't call me kid. I'm thirty-five years old." He reached for the telephone and took off the receiver. "Give me the police-station, please. Yes," to the burglar, "this is my house. That stuff I've been handing you is all bunk. My name's Carlo Duvine, and I'm known to the world as Carlo, the Merry Midget. . . . Stick those hands higher, blast you!"



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When you wake in the morning you feel mentally and physically conscious of the healthful benefit of sleeping on a "Vi-Spring" for this luxurious overlay mattress ensures rest which refreshes and restores. The sleep-enticing softness of hundreds of small springs invites you to lie in glorious relaxation and enjoy healthful rest which tones up your mind and body for the exertion of the day to come. When purchasing look for the registered name "Vi-Spring."

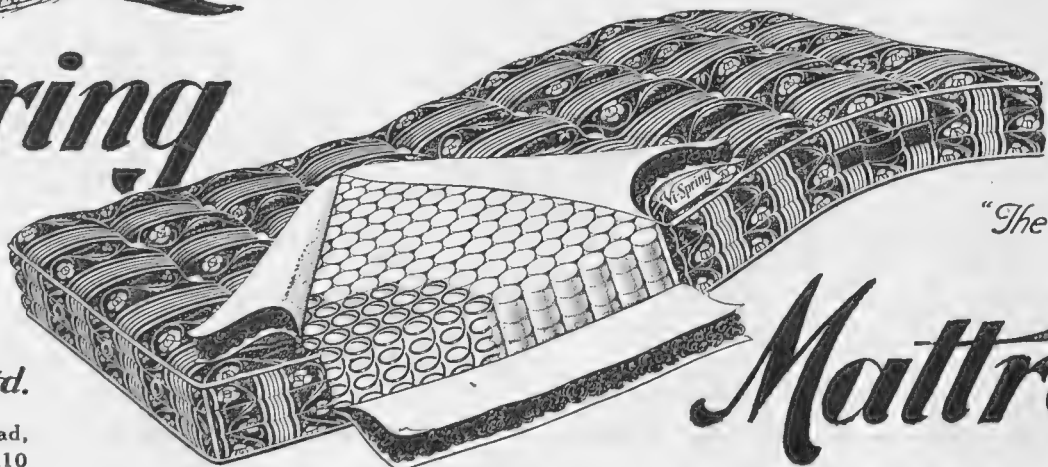
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Le Chat d'Or

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CHOCOLATS

The Oxford and the Cambridge Assortments both at 5/- per lb. The Sandhurst at 4/6 and the Harrow at 4/-. All packed in 1, 2, & 4 lb. boxes. Obtainable from over 2,000 of the best Confectioners, or sent direct, post paid, on receipt of P.O. Please name your usual confectioner.

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"Beauvais"

A Coat for Afternoon or dressy wear. In diagonal fancy Face Cloth. Collars and Cuffs of Skunk.

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Black only. S.W., W. and O.S. fittings. Lengths: 48 ins. and 50 ins. Colours can be procured to special order.

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A steady light and a constant pressure at all times.

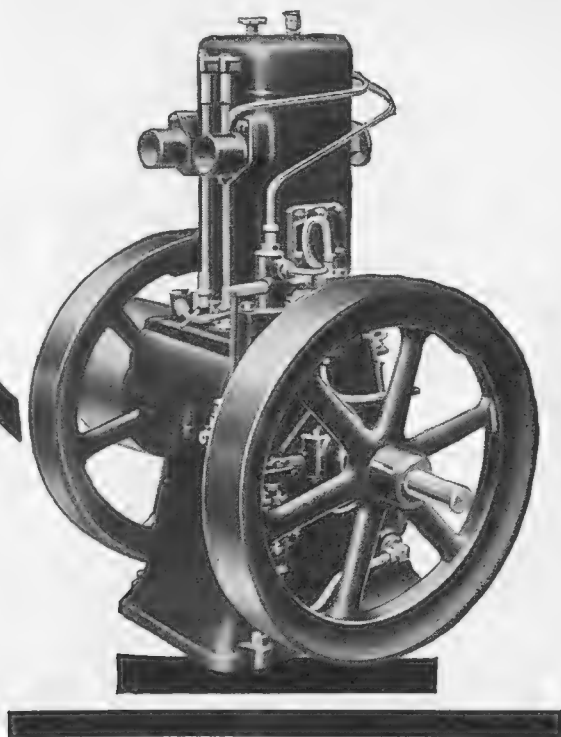
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

For the fifth successive year an Exhibition of War Disabled Men's Work is being organized at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, by Sir William Furse, K.C.B., D.S.O., Director of the Institute. Practically all the ex-Service men's organizations in the country send their goods, which include



THE HON. MRS. FRANCIS ERSKINE AND
HER DAUGHTER, ROSEMARY

The Hon. Francis Erskine is Lord Mar and Kellie's younger son, and his charming wife is a Canadian and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Burstall of Quebec. The little girl in the above picture was born in 1927, and there is a younger daughter, Jean. The Hon. Francis Erskine is in the Scots Guards Reserve, and in the meanwhile on the Stock Exchange

goes on to encourage the disabled ex-Service man, and makes it possible for him to achieve the dignity of earning his own living. It is nothing less than marvellous to find that these goods can be produced by ex-Service men who in many instances are seriously disabled.

Charles B. Cochran announces that he intends to present Evelyn Laye in a version of *La Belle Hélène* instead of *Robinson Crusoe*.

A. P. Herbert has made a very free adaptation from the original French book of Meilhac and Halévy, and E. W. Korngold is adapting the score to Herbert's book. The Herbert version will be called *Lovely Helen*. Oliver Messel will design *décor* and costumes, and will take a lead in production generally. Leonide Massine will produce the dances. Mr. Cochran is now looking for his *Venus*, who, in the original version, is only sung about, but in the Herbert book actually appears. The first London performance is planned for early in February.



MISS AUDREY PITT

The daughter of the Rev. Prebendary William Pitt, R.D., and Mrs. Pitt of Lyddington, Wilts. Prebendary Pitt is descended from Governor Pitt of Madras, and his grandson the Earl of Chatham. Miss Audrey Pitt takes a great interest in politics, and is very fond of riding and golf. She and her sister have shown their horses at Richmond and the International Horse Show at Olympia



Miss Joan Maude

THE DISTINGUISHED YOUNG ACTRESS
NOW APPEARING IN "SALOME"
AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

writes

"I CAN quite honestly say that I have always found Phosferine a most excellent tonic, and also a splendid pick-me-up for over-tiredness. However well one plays a rôle, the chief anxiety is whether one can equal or surpass it next time, and any undue nerve strain makes all the difference. I have found Phosferine admirable to ensure composed, steady nerves, with that sense of rest and freshness so essential for stage work. As always happens in the busy and intense conditions of stage work, energy is sometimes at a low ebb, and at such moments I have found that a few doses of Phosferine re-create vigour, and restore sparkle to tired eyes, and buoyant vitality of movement. I am quite sure Phosferine greatly promotes one's physical fitness, and makes the night's rest really refreshing."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

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Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

ALSO use PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the TONIC Fruit Saline—it TONES as it Cleanses.

Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6.

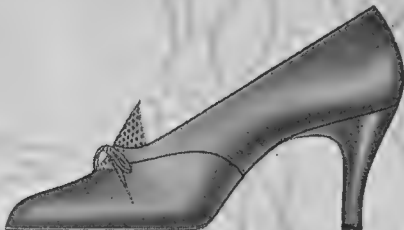
From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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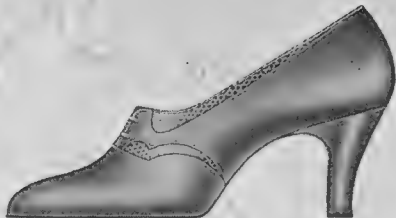
E.4686

Brown glaze kid court shoe with lizard tab. Also in bottle green, navy blue and black. 30/-



C.4669

Blue glaze kid two-eye-let tie shoe, trimmed blue lizard. Also in black glaze kid. 30/-



116-117 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. - 21-23 SLOANE STREET, S.W.1
260/264 REGENT STREET, W.1.

The New EDEN design..



Happy little trees and quaint formal flowers, deftly placed upon a lovely ivory ground—this new 'EDEN' design by Doulton suggests a Spring morning in Paradise. Such an exquisite poem in pottery costs no more than undistinguished ware, and is ever so much nicer.

ASK TO SEE ROYAL DOULTON AT YOUR CHINA SHOP.

Ask for this fascinating book "Grace Before Meat" illustrated in colours.



EDEN is in Early Morning, Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Coffee, also Egg stands, Muffin, Marmalade sets. Tea service for six people . . . 22/6

Royal Doulton

Doulton & Co. Ltd., The Royal Doulton Potteries, Burslem, Staffordshire.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 80

machines and of competitors, and some really fine soaring flights were made, as well as some meritorious glides by Mr. Slingsby and others. The difficulties of organizing a soaring meeting are immense, because the field of operations is so wide, and the stewards and judges, Sir Francis McClean, Mr. Claude Grahame-White, Captain Latimer Needham, and Mr. J. R. Ashwell-Cooke, are to be congratulated upon their work. Colonel the Master of Sempill was largely responsible for the success of the meeting operationally. He has the knack of turning everything he touches to success, and aviation owes him much.

Public Interest.

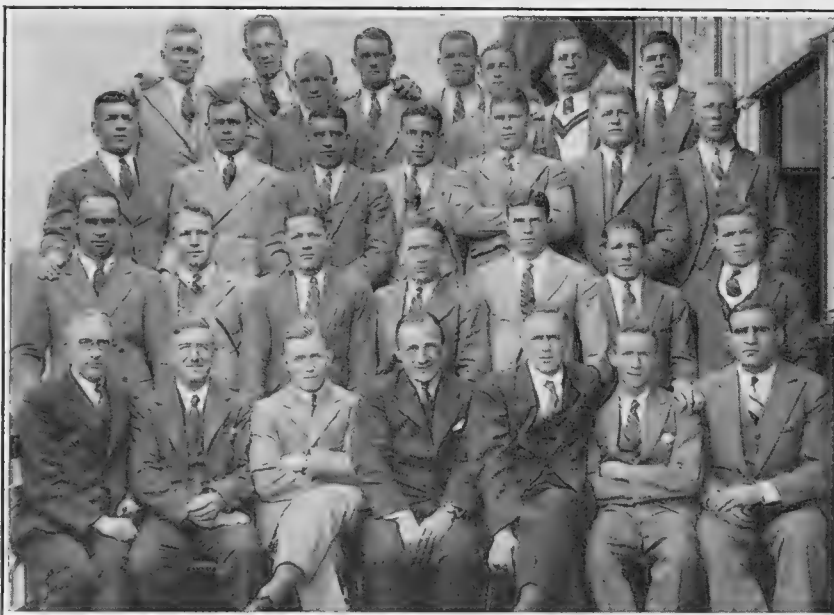
Of the public interest in gliding there can be no doubt. There was a very large crowd of spectators despite drizzle and a dull, unpleasant day. And the flights of Mr. Buxton, Mr. Humby, and Major Petre were sufficient reward for all those who troubled to go out to Balsdean. Mr. Buxton soared a distance of three miles, and Major Petre succeeded in accomplishing the difficult feat of making a complete figure of eight in the Tern. The Tern is a British sail-plane which looks as if it will soon defeat the foreign machines at their own game. The construction of this machine is really beautiful, although the price for an engine-less machine seems rather high.

The Great Question.

The thing that was being discussed most of the time when flights were not actually in progress was the question of what the future of gliding and soaring in this country was likely to be. My own view is that gliding and soaring will succeed and that, although they may not become so wildly popular as had been hoped, they will at least become popular enough to be of great value as a form of introduction to power flying. One of the greatest advantages of gliding is its safety. Only one person has been killed in this country since the revival of the movement began. And when one sees the way in which the machines are treated and the roughness with which they are sometimes handled both on the ground and in the air, one must be impressed by the fact that of all known sports this seems to be the safest. The gliding movement has its own paper, "The Sailplane."

Other Meetings.

While I have been at Calshot watching the wallowings in high speed some good air meetings have been held. The Bristol garden party was a success, and a large number of interesting aircraft were on view. Flight-Lieut. Clarkson, who now manages the Aviation Department of Selfridges, did some inverted flying which fascinated the spectators, and the Autogiro treated them to some round-about, in-and-out landings and take-offs in Mr. Rawson's hands.



THE SPRINGBOKS AT MESS: J. S. FRY AND SONS' WORKS

A group taken at Somerdale, where Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons entertained the famous Rugby invaders from South Africa and showed them over the works. The Springboks played their first match on the 3rd v. a combined Gloucester and Somerset team at Bristol, and won by 14 to 3

In this picture the names, left to right, are: Back row—M. G. Francis (Bloemfontein), F. W. Waring (Cape Town), P. J. Nel (Greytown), W. F. Beigh (George), Boy Louw (Caledon), O. R. du Tait (Worcester), H. Kipling (Kimberley), J. N. Brerman (Pretoria); second row—V. Geere (Pretoria), E. E. Gray (Cape Town), Alf. V. D. Merwe (Worcester), M. Zimmerman (Cape Town), F. Louw (Paarl), H. M. Forrest (Johannesburg), L. C. Strachan (Pretoria); third row—J. B. Dold (Grahamstown), J. A. J. McDonald (Ceres), J. H. V. D. Westhuizer (Stellenbosch), J. C. V. D. Westhuizer (Cape Town), James White (Queenstown), F. D. Ventnor (Pretoria), D. H. Craven (Stellenbosch); front row—E. R. Ford (J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd.), H. C. Browning (Gloucester Rugby Union), B. L. Osler (Cape Town), L. J. Corbett (J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd.), T. B. Pienaar (Caledon), P. de Villiers (Paarl), and P. J. Mostert (Somerset West)

FLYING

"de Havillands, designers and manufacturers of Moth Light Aeroplanes would be delighted to tell you all about it if you would care to write to B.M. Department, The de Havilland Aircraft Company Ltd. Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edgware, Mddx., England."

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Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA OCTOBER 15-24

This Show Business

By JOHN PRIOLEAU

THIS is going to be easily the most infuriating Show ever held, at least from my point of view. It is quite possible that about a quarter of a million other people will share that point of view. It is, like this. I want to go there and buy what? (a) I am solemnly told by Conscience (the official name for the Fear-of-What-Somebody-Else-would-Say-about-it-if-They-Found-out-But-not-Otherwise) I mustn't, on account of the crisis, you know. It seems, according to Conscience, or possibly the Prime Minister, or it may even be General Opinion, that the less you buy the better off you are, and the better off the National Purse. So far neither Conscience, the Prime Minister, nor General Opinion has let it get about what happens to the people from whom you don't buy. On the other hand, you must never forget that there is less waste of petrol, oil, and tyres—the word waste being the word used when somebody else does it.

Or (b), what I don't believe I want at all, but what I feel in my bones may very likely turn out to be a peach.

You recognize this one at once—one of those new little cars which are so much bigger this year than they were, not quite so comfortable as a bigger one, nearly as agile, practically as fast on short runs, and about one-third of its price. When, if I have got it, Conscience will become condescending, possibly approving. I hold no special brief now for either large, small, or medium-sized motor-cars. Time was, and that not at all a long time ago, when I really disliked a perfectly enormous car nearly as much as a tiddler. (Bless us all, how I loathed the Little Ease model Tiddler saloon, all roar and buzz and heat and cold and draught and cramp and squeaks.)

The perfectly enormous car was altogether too large. It was quite wonderful and too beautiful and far too rich. It went very well, and looked as handsome as the cheque you paid for it. Only once did I meet the enormous car I would have liked to own, forgetting the price. I loved the sight of its enormous tyres, and felt cold at the thought of what they cost; of its entrancing engine, perfect in every detail, properly furnished with copper pipes, as rare to-day as the dodo or as platinum. It was a sober, artistic joy, until I thought of having to decarbonize it myself. On the other hand, I have always loved the medium-sized car, the active tourer which, without pretending to be terrifyingly fast, has always got a good deal more up her sleeve than she ever lets you know. It is the car you love and are proud of—the car which is always just a bit better than anything you meet on the road, the car it breaks your heart to think of parting with. Why give your heart to a car to tear? I have, and I know.

Well, there you are. That's what you are up against. You may now fearlessly buy a perfectly enormous car which will do everything that is expected of it, including that kind of Continental touring which should be known as the Blue Road. You can buy the medium-sized car (like mine) and get the best out of life. And you can now quite fearlessly buy the baby, knowing it to be very precocious and intelligent beyond its years. But it will not be known as the baby. Praise the gods, there are no more babies. A horrid little monster I always thought it, not the less because it was so disgustingly good at its job. In the words we have read so often lately, it is "grown up" and turned into a useful member of society.

One of the worst things about this Show is that I see very little chance of being able to go round the stands, sniffing in a superior manner at the lack of this or that and getting away with it. All these cars, I think without exception, have got every blessed thing on them including what was rightly regarded

as pure luxury a very short time ago. It may be difficult to buy the open type to which my heart still belongs, but it would be no good my grumbling that I hate the roof over my head. Sliding roofs now are as common as dipping head-lamps. It will be no use my bringing up against the near-big ones, the old, perhaps most biting criticism of all, that on the lower gears the noise is deafening, especially in the saloons. So many of them have four-speed gear-boxes with silent thirds and reasonably quiet seconds, and that grouse must be thrown overboard. It would be a confession of gross ignorance to say that I want to get along the road a bit faster because, although the near-bigs may not do the 60 m.p.h. they are supposed to, they undoubtedly all go very fast. Lastly, to judge by the intriguing descriptions of them, the springing, steering, and braking are all so incredibly better than there is really nothing left for a hard-boiled grouser to complain of—at the Show.

Until a week or two ago I thought, while gravely pondering these matters, that I could say a few disagreeable things about cellulose chipping off and leaving you at the end of three months with wings like an old taxi. That, too, has apparently been foreseen, and some new process with a very peculiar name, which I am afraid I have forgotten, is now to be used which will preserve for these 1932 cars our old friend the school-girl complexion. Of course I want things I can't have, such as a duplicated electric plant, a form of cellulose which never shows rain-spots and, unless I am very much mistaken, a starting handle which is put where it ought to be, in position, and not left about in the car, whence it is so easily lost. I want, in the near-bigs, even bigger tyres than I am likely to get, because I believe it would be more economical, and I want a chassis that oils itself, as it does in at least one car I know, which costs about four times as much. I fear I shall have to wait for another Show before I can get these things. Yes, I know I needn't wait for a built-in wireless set, thank you. The ghastly thing is with us. But a little more and we shall have a built-in telephone—and stay at home for the sake of peace.

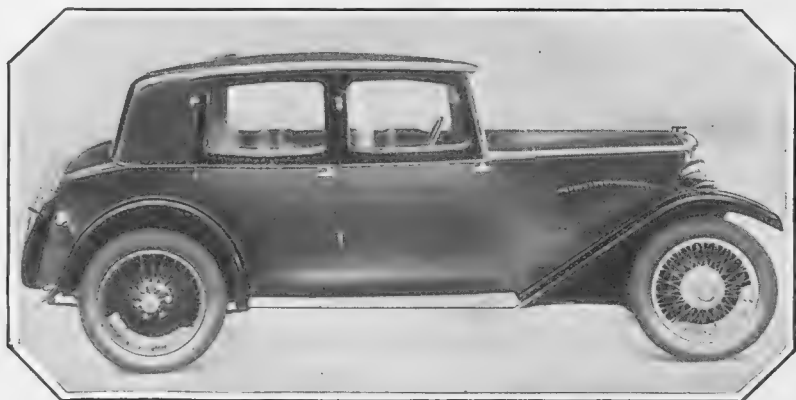
Did I hear somebody say that motoring is, just for a change, going to be cheaper? Of course it is, very much cheaper. Go round the stands and see what you will get for, say, £200 down, or quite a lot less, £10 a year tax, and £10 a year insurance. Not to labour the point beyond endurance, you are going to get a real motor-car, a comfortable carriage, with room for your elbows and legs and those of your passengers, properly finished, and so equipped that you will only visit the accessories gallery as you visit the National Gallery—to admire but not to buy. Or, I should say that you can buy a gadget which is a joy only to play with, and not because you can put it on the car. A vastly irritating show; you mark my words. If we are to believe only half we are told, the business of making a final choice is going to be infinitely worse than it has ever been. No just going there on a couple of days, carrying a list of "Cars I Wouldn't Be Seen Dead In"; no filing it down at the end of the day to two or three possibilities and leaving the decision to a mere matter of body-lines and things like that. Very hard work lies before you, and when it is done, who knows, perhaps for a long time afterwards you will not be quite sure, that you have chosen the right one. Of only one thing can you be sure, and that is that once more you will have got far more value for considerably less money, much nicer and considerably bigger cars with better performance than you have any right to expect. Your superiority complex will be ripped from you as soon as you pass through the turnstiles for the first time. And that is extremely depressing.

Olympia Show, 1931

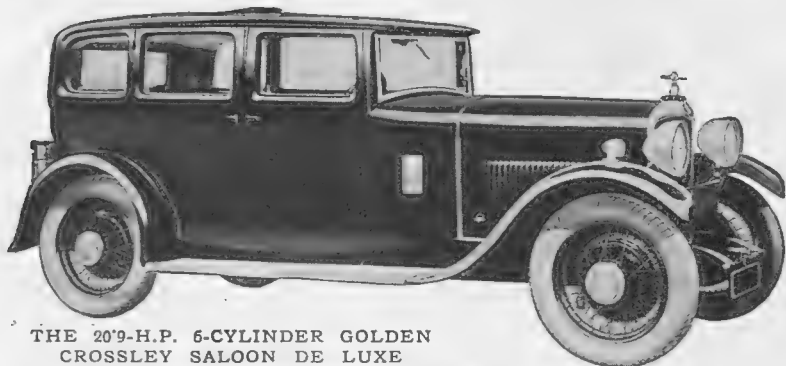
By W. G. ASTON

IT has—and probably very rightly, too—become the fashion for motor-car manufacturers to disregard Olympia as the platform upon which their new creations are to make their début. They make their programmes public while it is supposed to be summer, and thus, to use the poetic phrase, “steal the Olympian thunder.” But I do not think this makes a particle of difference to the Show; after all, we want to see the cars “in the flesh,” and we are not to be satisfied with bald descriptions. Moreover, it is one of the great social events of the year. And it is likely to remain an annual affair so long as a

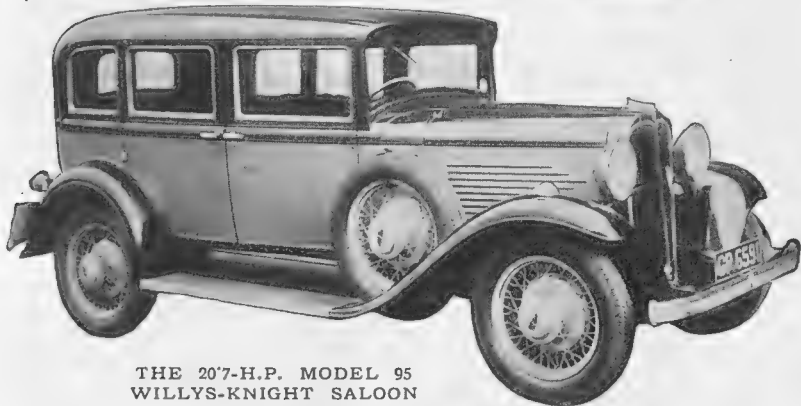
quarter of a million people are only too ready to pay quite a lot to see things, which also have to pay quite a lot for the privilege of being seen. This year it is a better Show than ever, well asserting that within his own country the British car-maker has got his rivals utterly routed. Which is all to the good of all of us. There is no “keynote,” but outstanding features are, far better value for money, especially in the £200-or-so class, roomier bodywork with better lines, and genuine family cars, of marked economy, at about £150. Admirably, indeed, has the motor industry reacted to the economy campaign.



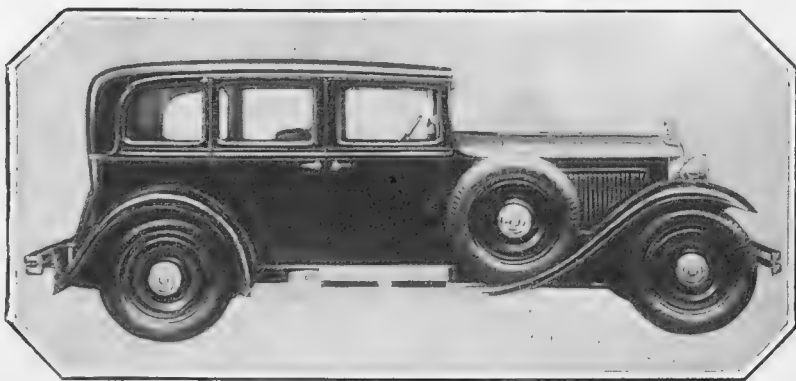
THE RILEY MONACO SALOON, THE “PLUS-ULTRA” TYPE



THE 209-H.P. 6-CYLINDER GOLDEN CROSSLEY SALOON DE LUXE



THE 207-H.P. MODEL 95 WILLYS-KNIGHT SALOON



THE 21-H.P. 6-CYLINDER MINERVA

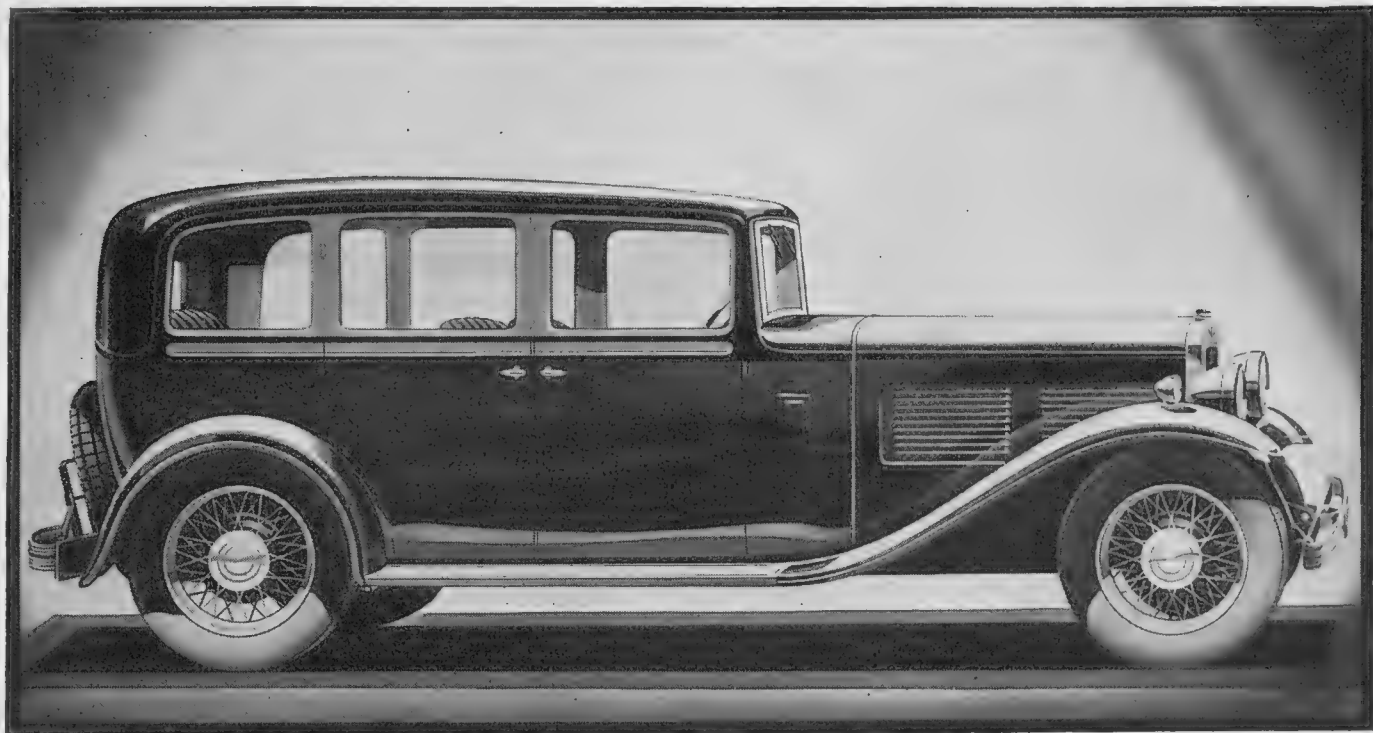
It can safely be said that Britain produces no finer type of thoroughbred light car than the Riley Nine, the design of which has been consistently the subject of steady and enlightened progress. In the latest 1932 form it offers some big improvements, notable amongst which is the new dropped chassis frame, giving an extraordinarily low centre of gravity which should make the car, in spite of its speed capabilities, one of the safest on the road. By the same token the headroom has been increased and, what is perhaps most important of all, three people can now easily be accommodated in the rear compartment. Yet even with full load the characteristic Riley performance is not in the least reduced. No wonder the new Nine range, which is available in numerous body styles, is known as the Plus-Ultra. At a slight extra cost a special twin carburettor power plant can be fitted.

One of the surprises of the pre-Show period of activity was the introduction of a 10-h.p. car from a firm which has hitherto identified itself exclusively with much higher powered models. These latter in the form of the Silver, the Golden, and the Super-Six it still retains, and justly so, for they all have a recognized vogue. But if the new 10-h.p. is low in rating it very well lives up to Crossley standard of performance, and one believes it will be grouped with the genuine 70-m.p.h. cars. One of its interesting features is the exploitation in the engine of overhead inlet valves and side-by-side exhausts, together with a special form of combustion-head which is pink-proof even with fuels of low degree. This helps to give it a very wide scale of useful revolutions of which the silent third gear-box enables full advantage to be taken.

An entirely new model which is bound to be a centre of attraction, for the make is so justly popular, is the 207-h.p. 6-cylinder Willys-Knight. This has the lowest h.p. rating of the range, and is, needless to say, furnished with a silent running sleeve-valve engine. In saloon form, and with elaborate equipment, including wire wheels, hydraulic shock absorbers, bumper bars, luggage-carrier, and unexceptionable five-seater body-work, it is listed at £343 and is undoubtedly striking value for the money. An interesting point is that for a small extra sum a free-wheel unit is available, greatly simplifying gear changes and enhancing economy of running. A second model with sleeve-valve engine, also a Six, is rated at 27-h.p. and costs £495. It would certainly be hard to find in any car a higher standard of comfort, whilst the general performance is well known.

There are very few cars which have such a splendid European vogue as the Minerva, a make which has been with us ever since the beginning of motoring and a name that gains fresh lustre every year. For the coming season no changes of note have been made in the programme, nor were any required, since the three models concerned have so thoroughly established themselves. First of all comes the 40-h.p. straight-eight—a sleeve-valve power plant, it is almost unnecessary to add, since all the models enjoy this principle. This will be seen equipped with a magnificently enclosed limousine body of Carrosserie Vanden Plas. Then, as an outstanding example of moderately priced luxury car, is the 28-h.p. straight-eight. This will be shown in de luxe saloon and also in limousine forms. Finally, there is the popular 21-h.p. 6-cylinder. This, as well as the 28-h.p., has a silent third four-speed gear-box, forming a single unit with the engine.

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A real 70 M.P.H.—yet still as dependable

**A short wheelbase ‘Twenty’
THE NEW CARLTON SALOON**

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Notice its deeply sprung seats, its rich leather upholstery and folding foot-rests. Such careful attention to detail could have been found, a few years ago, only

in cars costing £750 and more! There is a de luxe model, the Whitehall Saloon, also on a 10 foot wheelbase, fitted with a sliding roof and furnished with even greater luxury, priced at £525. See this fine example of modern coachcraft on Stand No. 113, Olympia. Examine it. And remember that though much swifter, though more luxurious, it is still as outstandingly dependable. May we send you literature? A post-card from you will be sufficient.

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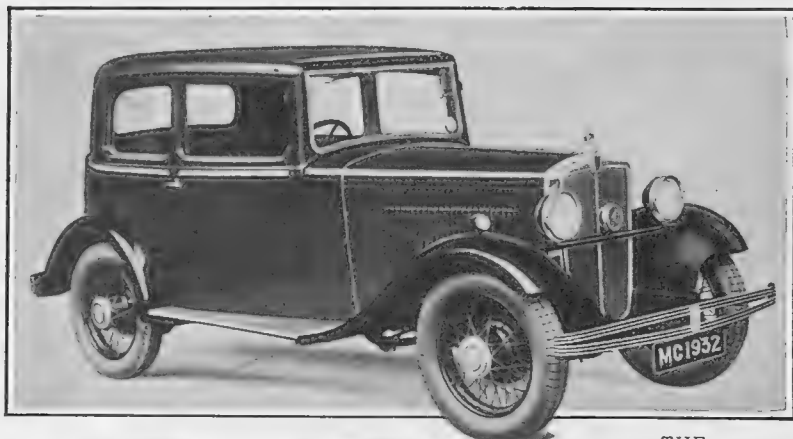
Dunlop tyres, triplex glass throughout and chromium finish standard.

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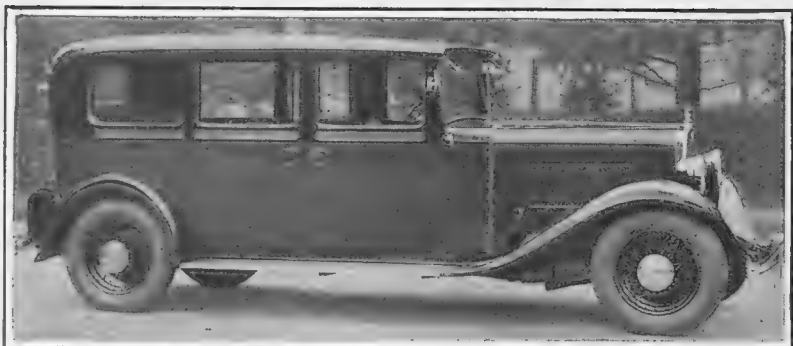
The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479/483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.



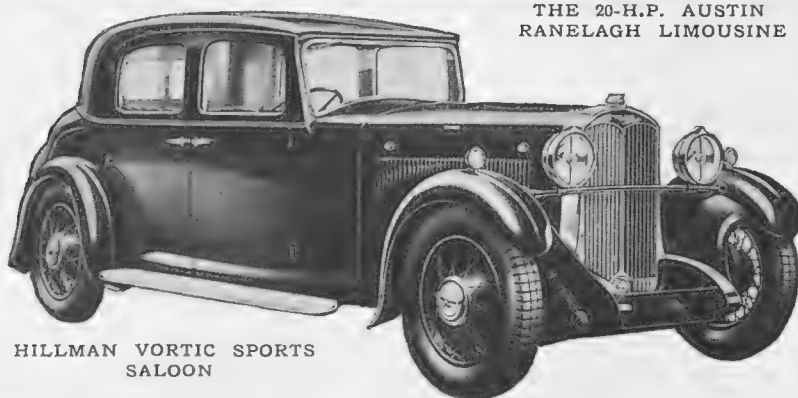
THE
MORRIS-COWLEY
COUPÉ



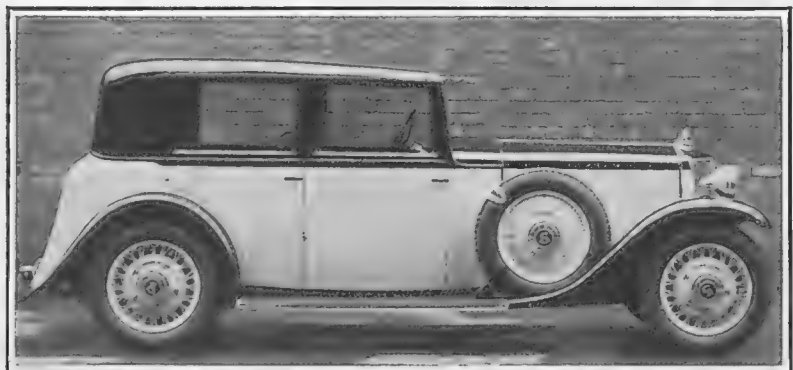
THE 10-H.P. SINGER SALOON



THE 20-H.P. AUSTIN
RANELAGH LIMOUSINE



HILLMAN VORTIC SPORTS
SALOON



THE 20-H.P. 6-CYLINDER ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY

Morris Motors have, as usual a very big programme of widely various models calculated to suit every purse and every purpose. Space considerations prevent them all being mentioned, but there are two which are singularly noteworthy. The first of these is the Family Eight, which can fairly be described as filling a gap. It is a genuine four-seater saloon mounted upon a chassis of ample wheel-base, and propelled by a very plucky little overhead valve overhead camshaft engine. It makes no pretension to high speed attainments, but is lively as well as extremely comfortable. One has no doubt that it will prove extremely popular. So, too, will the Morris Major, a lusty 6-cylinder, completely re-designed, and coming at an amazingly low price, for its specification embodies almost every conceivable item of advancement, including a four-speed gear-box with "silent third" that does not belie its name, and Lockheed hydraulic brakes.

This year's Olympia is distinguished by the splendid array of low-priced high-quality moderate-powered 6-cylinder cars, economy-luxury vehicles in every respect. And amongst these none is more distinguished than the Singer Twelve Six brought out by the Singer Co. a few weeks back. This is extraordinarily good value for money, for the complete saloon, with a body every bit worthy of the chassis, costs only £235. One will be much mistaken if the lines of this body design are not universally the subject of comment and admiration. The engine is of the side-valve pattern, with anti-knock cylinder head, and is thoroughly up-to-date. The four-speed gear-box has a silent-third ratio. Springing, braking, and steering are above reproach—as befits a car that is really fast. The Singer Junior—always a favourite—will be even more popular still with its more powerful engine and its much roomier carriage work. In addition to these there are the 10-h.p. and the Kaye Don (Six) model.

One believes that no other motor-car manufacturing concern in the world can claim that all the types of chassis it has introduced since the War are "still going strong," and as prime favourites as ever. One of the big events earlier this year was the introduction of the Austin Twelve-Six, which naturally remains quite unchanged, and a very wonderful thing in saloon form it is at £198. But in some of the other types there have been improvements. There is a new and most attractive four-light Westminster saloon in the 16-h.p. range. It is a full five-seater with fascinating lines; a properly built-in luggage compartment is a feature. Then the gallant little Seven is now to be had with a new saloon *de luxe* body, on which figure a new type of wings, wheels, and head-lamps.

The Vortic straight-eight and the Wizard are too well known to need any description here—they naturally figure strongly in the Hillman programme and continue to gain more and more patrons both at home and abroad. Now they are supplemented by a smaller 4-cylinder model only just recently announced under the name of the Minx. A big success can safely be predicted for this production, for it is in every sense of the phrase "a real motor-car" designed upon an absolutely logical basis and therefore, primarily, giving the most unusual degree of comfort to a full complement of four full-sized passengers. The neat 4-cylinder engine involves a £10 tax, but is immensely efficient and plucky, so that the performance is above criticism. The standard family saloon, with four doors and six lights, is quite astonishing value at £155.

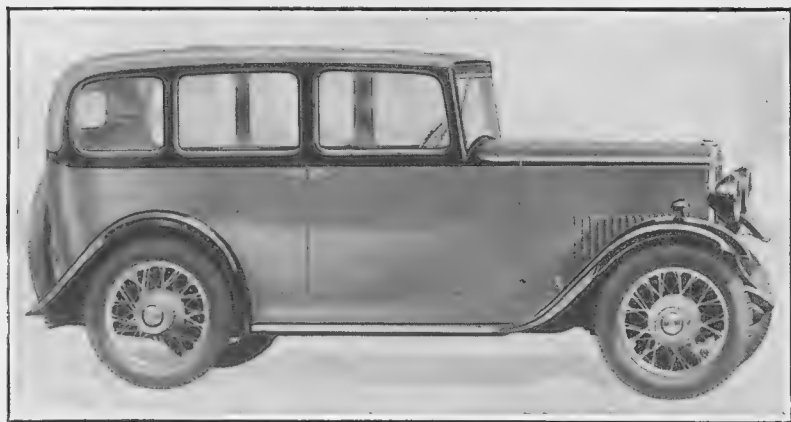
Here there are no basically new models, but many improvements of note. The 20-h.p. has been conspicuously enhanced in performance with a larger longer stroke engine, now made vibrationless at all speeds. Enclosed cable Bendix brakes are now used; there is a new steering gear, and the car as a whole has been brought lower to the ground. An excellent point is the fitting of a most ingenious luggage platform which "tidies up" the back of the car since, when out of use, it disappears into the back panel. One believes that the Sports 20, with its cleverly-designed four-door body, will be generally regarded as one of the handsomest cars on the road whilst maintaining a thoroughly distinctive appearance. The famous 12-h.p. model now comes forward with a Vee radiator, four-speed self-changing gear-box, new coachwork, and many other refinements.

**YOU CAN
BE
SURE OF
SHELL**

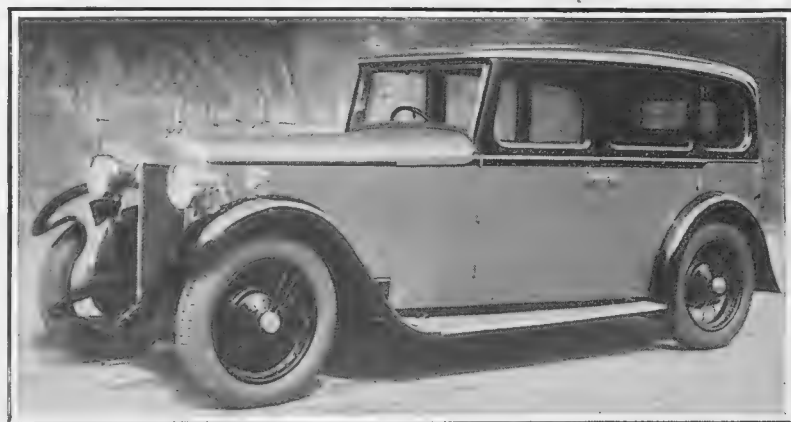
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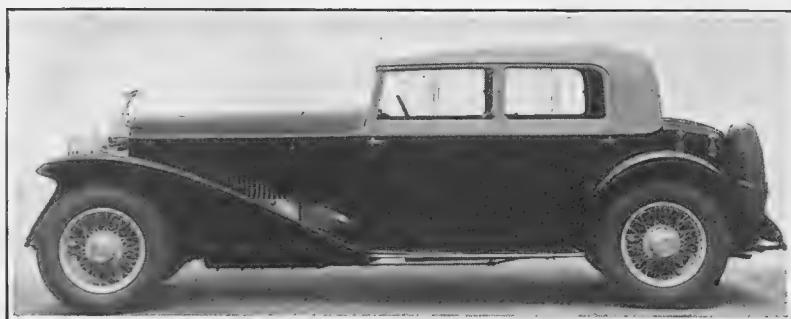
THE ROVER 12-H.P. 6-CYLINDER "PILOT"



THE TRIUMPH SUPER NINE FOUR-DOOR SIX-LIGHT COACHBUILT SALOON



THE DAIMLER 16-20-H.P. SALOON



THE 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CONTINENTAL TOURING SALOON



THE HUMBER "SNIPE" SPORTS SALOON

The motorist of discernment and discretion who nevertheless has to take his pocket into serious consultation will be sure to study the Rover catalogue very closely, for it has so much of attraction to offer him. What, for example, could be better value for £179 than the Family Ten, a charming and commodious saloon with four doors and six lights, finished off in the best of styles, with Magna wire wheels, etc? A little further elasticity upon the part of the purse will bring into view the recently introduced New Pilot model, a 6-cylinder with twin-top gear-box, Marles steering, and other refinements. Various coach-builders have got out a brilliant series of body designs to go with this chassis, thus affording a choice that cannot fail to fulfil all individual requirements.

On this stand is to be found a light car of exceptional attractiveness which makes a very happy addition to the already famous Super Seven and the Scorpion Six. The Super Nine, as the latest model is known, is full of interesting features, chief amongst which is the fact that in the engine, overhead inlet valves and side by side exhausts are employed in conjunction with a special shape of combustion head which makes for unusual efficiency. This is well proved by the fact that although the engine is rated at but 8'9-h.p. it yields over 32-b.h.p. when fully accelerated. Bearing in mind that a 4-speed gear-box is provided it is not difficult to understand that this natty little car, with a thoroughly roomy four-door, 6-light body, and full load, can give a very good account of itself on any road. The Triumph Company have brought out a novel and most practical type of "pillarless" saloon, having four doors in the Super Seven. It gives real ease of entry and exit.

Few firms make such a widely comprehensive range of luxury cars as this pioneer British concern, for they offer for 1932 three sixes and as many double-sixes. All, without exception, are now equipped with the combination of fluid flywheel transmission and the self-changing pre-selective gear. During the past year the effectuality of this has been so well proved that its complete adoption has become a matter of course. The smallest Daimler type, which made its bow early this year, is the 16-20-h.p., and there is no doubt that it has proved a great success. Then comes the 20-25-h.p., followed by the 35-h.p. which costs no more than formerly in spite of the new transmission. These are all "sixes." The 12-cylinder models comprise the 30, the 33-40, and the 40-50-h.p., all of which are made in alternative wheel-bases, and are thus suitable for the widest variety of bodywork. It may be mentioned that in the double-six range there have been considerable price reductions, although general quality and all-round performance have been put up.

Now, more than ever, holding their position unassailed as producers of the best car in the world, Rolls-Royce, Ltd., instead of coming out with any modifications of note in either of their two models, have made a significant gesture in reducing their prices, the 40-50-h.p. Phantom II chassis, by £100, and the 20-25-h.p. by £135. One imagines that this is the first time that this world-famous firm has lowered its prices.* The immediate result should be that it will now sell a great many more cars abroad, and thus contribute even more than usual to our national prosperity and prestige. Meanwhile, so far as development is concerned, the R.R. engineers at Derby are not only tireless but also never satisfied with what they are turning out.

It was very definitely not to be expected that Humber would bring out any new model, for both at home and abroad (this phrase is important) the 16-50-h.p., the Snipe and the Pullman, have gone from strength to strength. Naturally, however, progress of a substantial kind has been made. In all of them a big access of power has been obtained, and yet with a conspicuous improvement in the matter of silence. Few would have criticized these features before, but it is a fact that big advances have also been made in the steering, the springing, and the braking. In general, the performance is out and away more comprehensive and luxurious. Special attention should be directed to the Humber-Pullman limousine at £735. It must be one of the finest cars ever turned out in Britain at anywhere near the price. The coachwork—always a strong suit in the Humber hand—is literally faultless.

A Pioneer Motorist,

One of the Expert Judges at the Eastbourne Concours d'Elégance, on September 9 last, said "I am ashamed that I have not tried This New LINCOLN before!"



Half an hour at the wheel of it revealed what he had lost, by failing to satisfy himself that the New LINCOLN had set up new standards of excellence, in every phase of motor-car performance.

The more you know about fine motor-cars, the more pleased are we to arrange for you to see, try, *drive for yourself*, this New LINCOLN.

No matter what you value most highly — Power, expressed in speed, comfort of the most restful, distance-annihilation which leaves you quite untired at the end

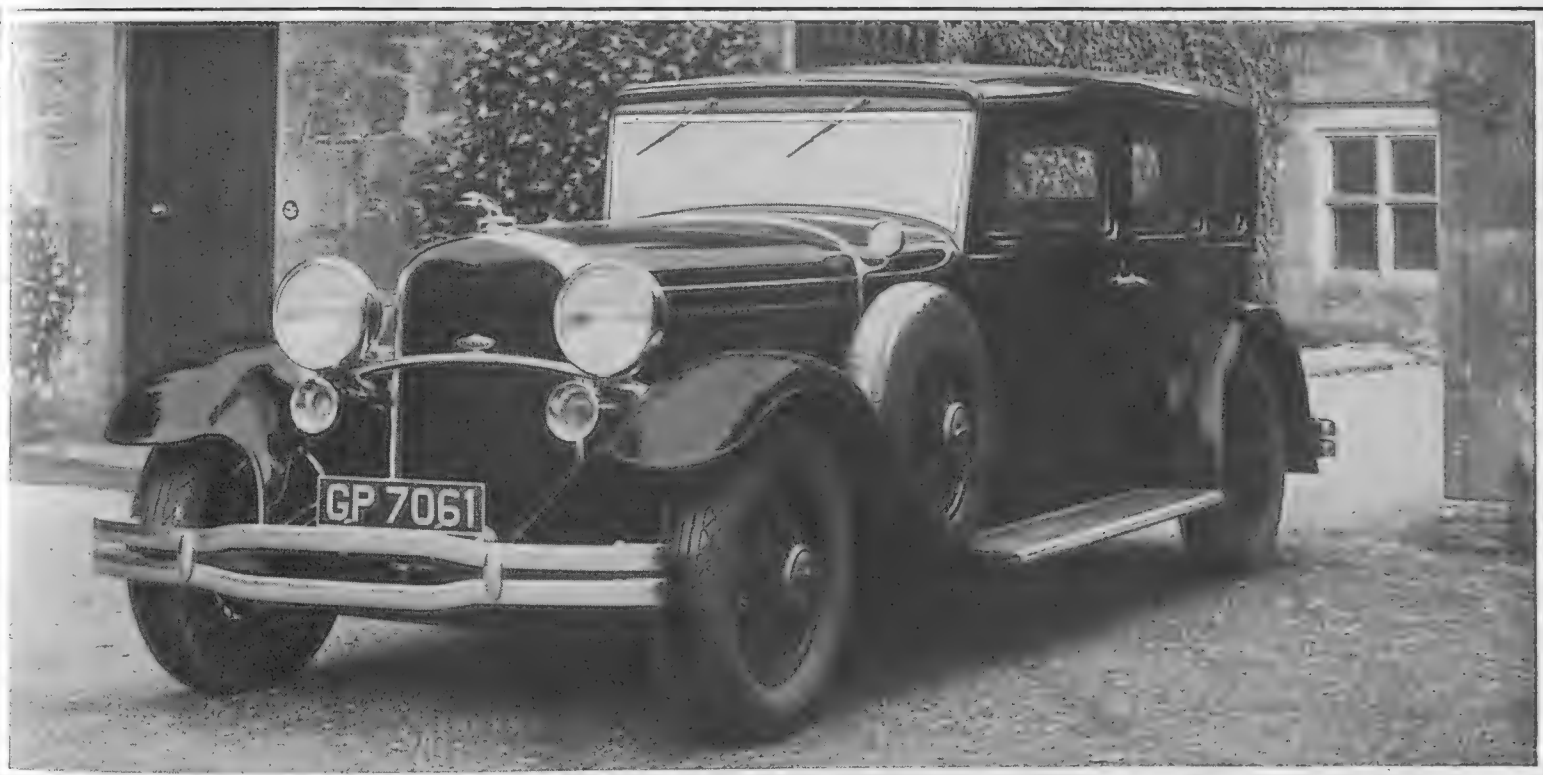
of the longest day, or the dignified assertion of real aristocracy of appearance, The New LINCOLN will interest you, please you, command your real, ungrudging appreciation.

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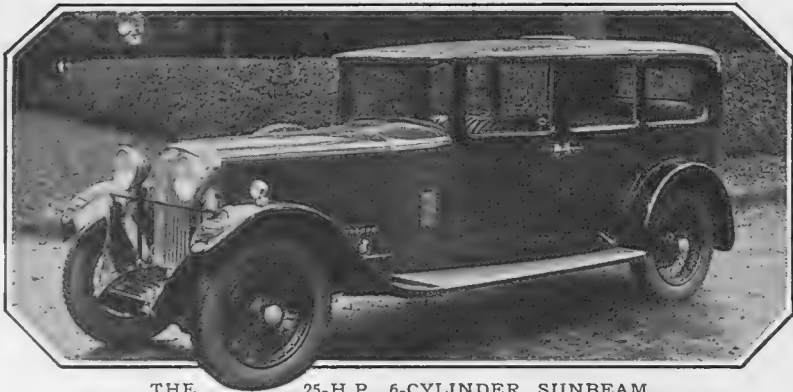
You will not be bothered, harassed, "touted." We are content to let this New LINCOLN do all the importunation that is required.

When Shall We Say, Sir?

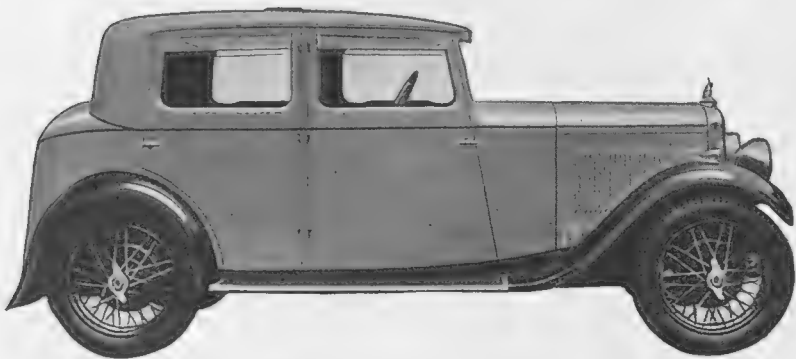
LINCOLN CAR DEPARTMENT — FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED
68 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1 · · · REGENT 7272



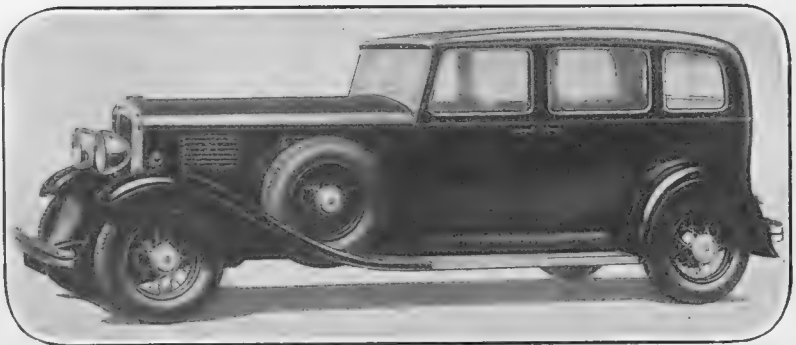
★ ★ ★ *the* LINCOLN



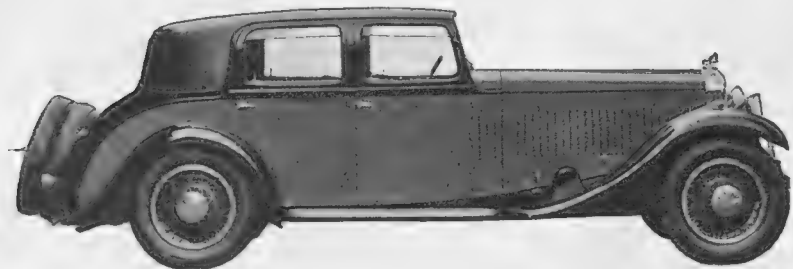
THE 25-H.P. 6-CYLINDER SUNBEAM



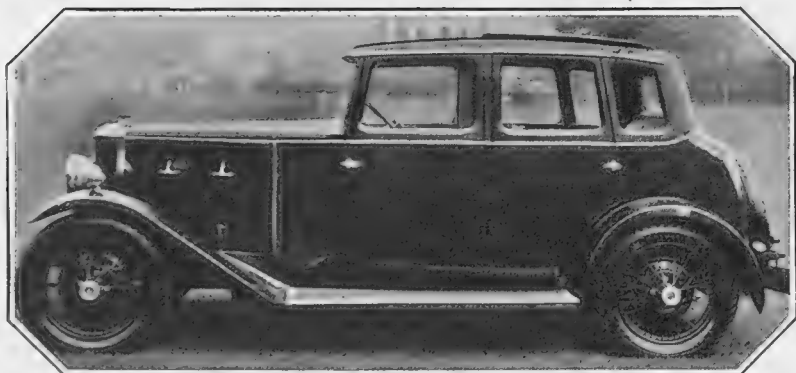
THE 12-60-H.P. ALVIS SPORTS SALOON



THE STANDARD "TWENTY" SPECIAL SALOON



THE NEW STUTZ "F" TYPE SALOON



THE ACEVEDO 4-DOOR LIGHT SALOON

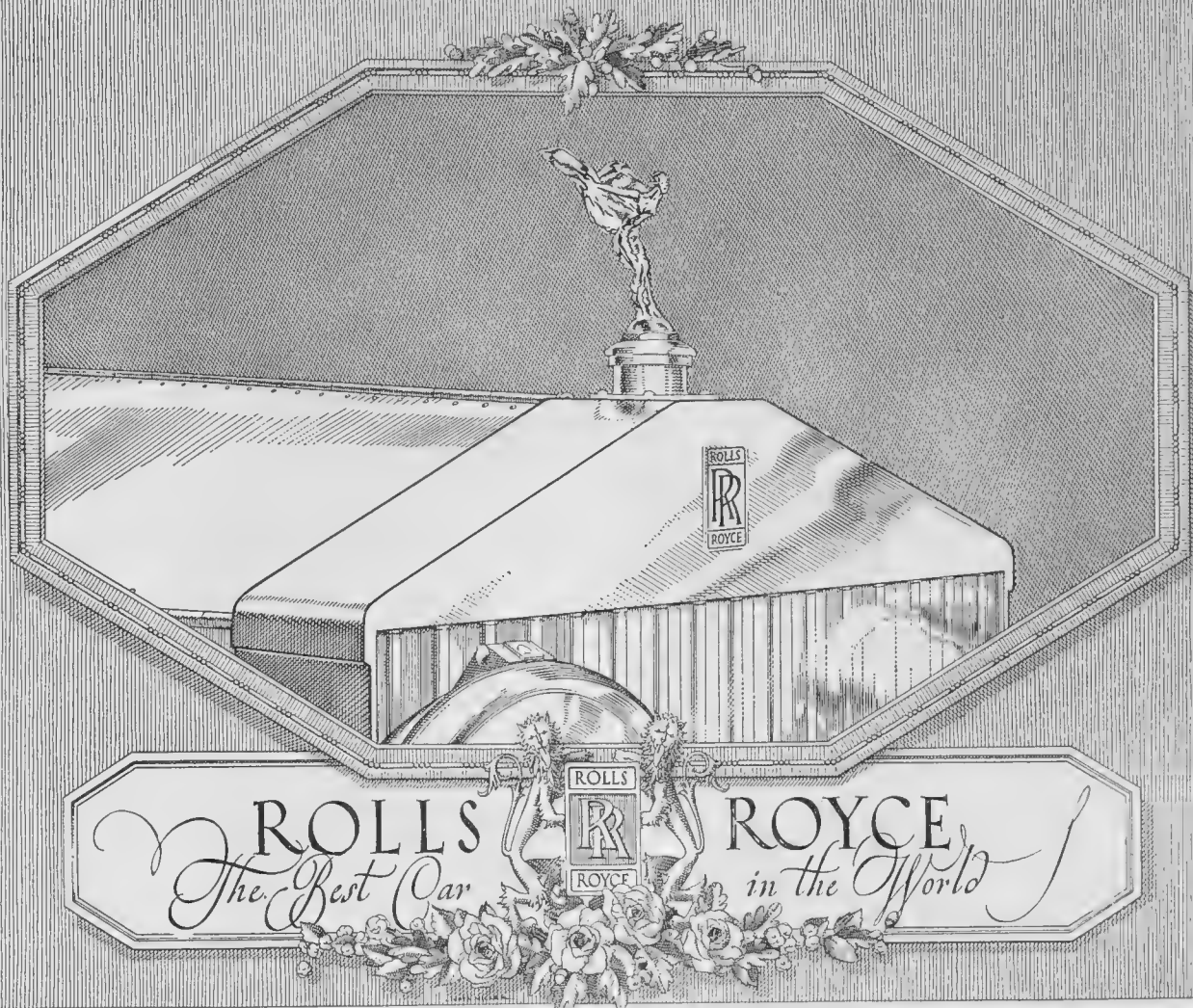
It would have partaken of the nature of change for change's sake if any drastic alterations had been made in the Sunbeam's programme for 1932, as their three models, the 16 h.p., the 20 h.p., and the 25 h.p. have given such great satisfaction. However, the policy associated with one of the most famous names in motordom has been followed, namely that of detail improvement. For instance, the new engines are all fitted with very special cast-iron cylinder liners (renewable) and composite wear-resisting pistons. The 16-h.p. chassis is now furnished with a silent-third four-speed gear box, whilst on the 20 h.p. the Lockheed hydraulic system of braking has been installed. Modifications have been made in the design of the radiators and automatic shutters, but the typically individual Sunbeam appearance has not been affected; on the other hand good looks have even been enhanced.

Alvis is a name that has always been associated with the highest standards of automobile engineering and, what is not of less importance, with a series of very fine performances both on road and track. Many enthusiasts had good reason to be thankful when the Company not long ago re-introduced 4-cylinder models of characteristically Alvis quality in its 12-50-h.p. and 12-60-h.p.—the latter a full-blooded sports type with an immense range of speed at its command. It is, however, a very docile vehicle to handle, though wonders can be done when a full use is made of the very quiet gear-box. It has a "balance" on the road that can only come from a long experience in building really fast cars. Meanwhile the Alvis 6-cylinder models, known as the Silver Eagle, are as much to the fore as ever; they comprise the 16-h.p. and the 20-h.p., both wonderful value.

The Standard Company, with commendable enterprise, was the first to come forward with its complete 1932 programme, and a very remarkable one it is, making it difficult to select what to mention in a limited space. Special attention must be given to the Little Nine, which one believes to be the first small car to be provided with a really adequate four-seater saloon body offering comfort in all dimensions, and being at the same time of most taking appearance. The Big Nine, which has already established such a secure reputation, now appears with numerous improvements, including a rear petrol tank and a "silent second" gear-box. The Sixteen 6-cylinder is perhaps, however, the most striking of all, and indeed a wonderful production of which this country has good reason to be proud. The coachbuilt saloon, shapely, commodious, and complete in every detail, costs but £235.

Something very much out of the ordinary has come to us from across the Atlantic in the form of the Stutz Bearcat. It will be, unless one is much mistaken, a magnet for those sportsmen who are interested in very high speeds, but at the same time demand good appearance, a high degree of comfort, and general mechanical refinement. This Bearcat is a straight-eight rated at 36.4 h.p., but its b.h.p. is well over four times that figure, and it is understood to be capable of a good 110 m.p.h., together with an immense acceleration at the lower end of the scale. This result has been achieved by the use of a completely new design of power-plant, with four overhead valves per cylinder worked by two overhead camshafts.

One of the earliest makes of light car, the A.C. in which the desirable quality of true lightness was always intelligently studied, comes to us for the 1932 season in definitely improved form, though all its essentially individual features have been retained. These include an aluminium monobloc engine with steel cylinder liners, overhead valves, and overhead camshaft, also the combination of the gear-box and back axle in one, largely aluminium, unit. The Magna chassis now has half-elliptic springs in front, and Lockheed hydraulic brakes are a standard fitting. On this chassis the six light four-door saloon, with very taking lines and absolutely complete equipment is offered at £420. There is also available a slightly shorter chassis, with the same engine and transmission as the Magna, but designed to yield an even higher performance. This is, of course, intended solely for four-seater coachwork.



By Appointment



By Appointment

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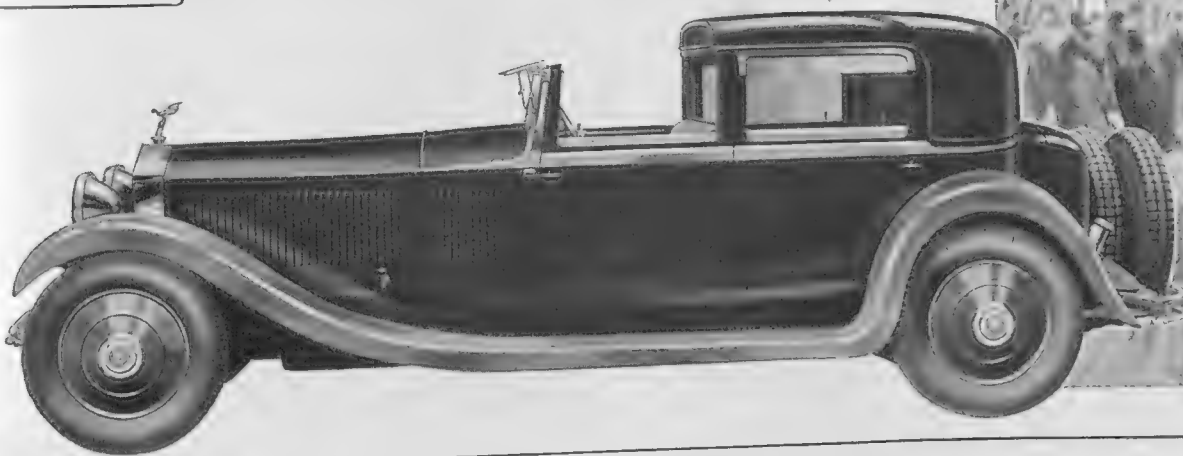
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A BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE

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THE WORLD'S BEST CAR



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The latest Barker Sedan de Ville
on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Chassis.

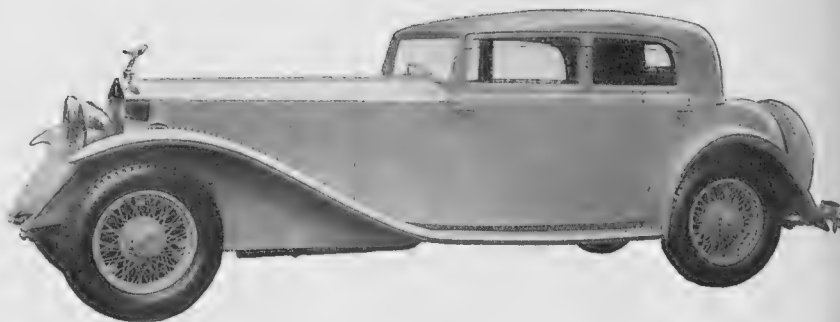
Established 1710 • COACHBUILDERS TO H.M. THE KING AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES • THE ROLLS-ROYCE BODY SPECIALISTS AND RETAILERS • Phone: Grosvenor 2421

It is always out of the question to deal, in restricted space, with the super-excellent in design and workmanship, and into this strictly exclusive category undoubtedly comes the firm of Barker and Co. (coach-builders). Their stand at Olympia (to say nothing of the stands of many other firms whereon their bodies are to be found) well repays close examination, even on the part of those to whom a Barker body is as little within the sphere of practical politics as the Rolls-Royce, or other costly, chassis which carries it. The fact is that the "bespoke" carriage builder, having a free hand, invariably leads the way in the initiation of new ideas and in the development of that further refinement and comfort for which (whatever be the depth of our pockets) we are always looking. In attention to detail, in line, in appointments, in external finish, in the anticipation of all motoring wants the Barker body is renowned far and wide and certainly has no superior in the world.

One of the most striking innovations that British automobilism has seen for many a long day was recently brought to light in the form of the 15-18-h.p. Lanchester. The engine is a 6 with push-rod operated over-head valves (which in itself is a departure from previous



THE LANCHESTER 15-18-H.P. SALOON

THE BARKER SUNSHINE ROOF LIMOUSINE
On a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis

Lanchester practice), and according to reliable reports it is a highly vigorous power plant. Certainly it is an amazingly neat one. But the more important point is that the transmission abaft of it consists of the fluid fly-wheel and the self-changing pre-selective gear, a combination that is also found in all Daimler cars to-day, and gives undoubtedly unique results. Definitely this is a very fast car for its rating, for weight has been scientifically saved, and it is good to see that the chassis has been brought nice and close to the ground. Another unusual thing is the association of a vacuum-servo with Lockheed hydraulic brakes, which should help to make it a most delightful thing to control. The chassis price is £435, whilst a very handsome six-window saloon of quite unimpeachable quality is listed at £565.

Motorists who look after their own cars and desire to get the best results from them with the expenditure of the least possible effort (amongst whom the writer is included) have reason to bless the name of William Turner of Sheffield, for this is the firm which produces that best of all foot-pumps—the Kismet Duplex. With this instrument, which has an accurate pressure-gauge attached, it is the easiest thing in the world to keep the tyres in first-class fettle, thereby insuring most effectively against punctures and skids and also ensuring the maximum mileage. Another labour-saving device but recently introduced is the Kismet Syphon, an attachment to the car-washing hose which gives anything required from a high-pressure jet to a soft mist. Incidentally it is as useful in the garden as in the garage.



Arrange for
Demonstrations and
Trial Runs at Stand
138 Olympia.



WITH THE JACKALL FOUR-WHEEL JACKS BUILT INTO THE CAR, which raises any individual wheel, or all four wheels, by a simple operation. Tecalemit one shot chassis lubrication which lubricates the whole of the chassis by simple pedal pressure from driver's seat. Patent signalling

window, silent third-speed gearbox, Bendix Perrot brakes on four wheels, Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, safety glass, etc. with improvements in design suggested by famous designer, Capt. Irving.

Comet Eighteen Coupe and Saloon Models £495

The STAR MOTOR Co., Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON. London Showrooms: 27, Albemarle St., Piccadilly, W. 1

Other Models:

Little Comet Fourteen £345

Big Comet Twenty-one £525

Planet Twenty-four £695



The "AINTREE"

Cut on informal lines with a luxurious air of combined comfort and smartness, it maintains its predominating popularity among well-dressed men and is specially suitable for sport and travel use. Its good looks are accentuated by the wide range of materials in which it can be obtained. Ready for wear or made to measure in Cheviots and showerproof coatings

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In other materials at 6, 7 & 8 Gns.

Write for patterns with easy form of self-measurement sent post free on mention of "The Tatler."

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SUPER ACE DISCS
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PATENT
THE LATEST ACCESSORY

The Ace Patent Metal Tyre Cover for the spare wheel is the latest accessory for the car. It is manufactured in Seamless Aluminium section to exactly mould the tread and outer face of the tyre, and is instantly detachable with a single fastener.

The Ace Cover gives a neat and clean appearance to the tyre and protects the rubber from light and heat. Finished in Black enamel, burnished aluminium or in colours to match the coachwork.

Ace Super Discs are supplied for all makes of cars and correct designs are now available for all wheels which will be fitted to 1932 car models. The discs are manufactured in seamless aluminium and secured by patented methods of attachment which ensure trouble-free service. Supplied in any finish.

Write now for full particulars and prices.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING



Reputation

More slowly built than a city, more quickly lost than a wrecked ship, a reputation is valuable beyond price. To retain her hardly-won favours, reputation demands unremitting court. So men guard jealously the good name of Castrol. They pledge all things, these Britons, on the temper of their handiwork. That is your safeguard: you may trust

WAKEFIELD

CASTROL

recommended by **ROLLS-ROYCE Ltd.**

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., ALL-BRITISH Firm
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Whilst during the last few years quite amazing progress has been made in chassis design, it is no exaggeration to say that equal enterprise and development have been forthcoming from the body-builder. This is well demonstrated by the production of the pressed steel type of body construction which, as made by the Pressed Steel Company of Oxford, is so widely adopted to-day, prominent users of it being Morris, Hillman, Rover, Austin, Wolseley, M.G., etc. Bodies built upon this ingenious principle, which actually calls for the most highly specialized plant, are intensely strong and also intensely light. They form, as it were, a single robust unit with the chassis, which is very much to the advantage of the latter. Every stress is scientifically taken care of, and consequently such a body will last for years without any tendency to squeak or rattle, for one part takes the place of the many which the wood-and-metal structure would involve. If you have a P.S.C. body you have a guarantee of satisfaction.

There can be no possible doubt that one of the really big successes of the past year has been scored by the Vauxhall Cadet, a first-class motor car of high quality and well worthy of its famous name, coming at a very moderate price. It seems certain that it will be even more prominent in the future, for big advances have been made. The principal amongst these is the fitting of the Synchro-Mesh type of gear-box, which (in every way a thoroughly well-proved thing) not only gives a completely silent "second," but also completely eliminates the need for skill and effort in gear changing. Always an instantaneous and silent gear change, utterly free from clash, is available without any such complications as double de-clutching. Both "up" and "down" the same perfect ease exists. The 6-cylinder engine (16'9-h.p. rating) has been advanced in power and is now smoother and more silent, thanks to vibration-absorbing rubber insulations and to an improved exhaust system. As usual, a very excellent range of bodies is offered. The bigger six, the Silent Eighty, one of the best fast cars produced in any country is, of course, in the list, and is now fitted with a silent third gear-box.



PRESSED STEEL BODY-WORK ON THE NEW ROVER PILOT SALOON

Few cars that come to us from overseas have ever established a vogue comparable to that of the Buick, the makers of which have now for a considerable time devoted their attention to two chassis, the Light and the Master. These are now offered in improved phases with a wide selection of very high-grade coach-work. Both types have the famous straight-eight overhead-valve engine, and the Synchro-Mesh gear-box, which makes it impossible for a gear to be missed, or a noise to be made when changing from top to second and vice versa. A prominent feature of the power plant is a device incorporated in the lubrication system, known as the Oil Temperature Regulator.

The effect of this is that the oil becomes very quickly warmed after a start from cold, whilst, on the other hand, it is kept adequately cool when the engine is being worked hard. The natural result is a very sensible diminution of wear and tear. Another item of refinement is the steering shock-eliminator which makes the car delightfully light and easy to handle over rough roads.

As might be expected this notable firm, always in the van of progress, has for 1932 a very comprehensive range of cars, including Chrysler Straight-Eights and Sixes and also the Chrysler de Soto models. Of the latter the new 20-h.p. Six deserves singular attention, for although it is extremely high in quality it is exceedingly attractive in price, for it has, in spite of its 19'8 rating, the typical Chrysler high-powered zest, and down to the last detail is turned out in the most stylish manner. A car that will be examined with exceptional interest is the Plymouth, which already is well established on the other side of the Atlantic. Its power plant is a 4-cylinder and incorporates some highly novel features, including a method of mounting which is claimed to eliminate all vibration, thereby rendering the engine as pleasant to sit behind as a Six. Other features are a gear-box of conspicuous quietness and the provision of a free wheel. In many ways this should be one of the most interesting cars in the Show.

"Red-Ashay" ILLUMINATED MOTOR MASCOTS

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THAT NEW CAR DESERVES A REALLY STRIKING MASCOT!

"Red-Ashay" Mascots are the very latest and most fascinating novelty, and are made in a complete range of charming designs. In our newest model the illuminated colours actually are made to change all the time the car is in motion.



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Chromium Mounts.

Full range of these Mascots
will be Exhibited on
FINNIGAN'S STAND,
No. 432,
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during the MOTOR SHOW.

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display at our
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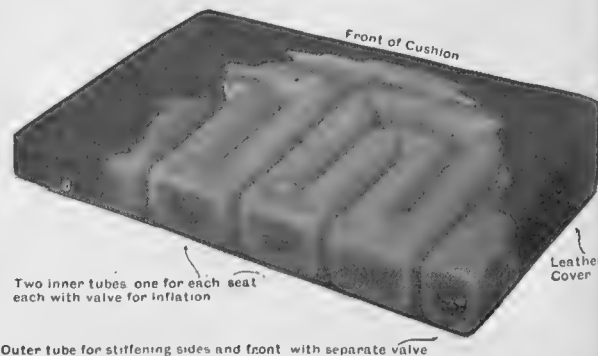
Record of Records!

The car "Blue Bird," the boat "Miss England II," the plane "Supermarine S6B," which established British Records for speed by land, water and air will be shown at Olympia and

MOSELEY "Float-on-Air" Pneumatic Upholstery (patent) is fitted to them all.

This is a Record of Records and no other form of upholstery can show anything like it. "Float-on-Air" is fitted to Austin models, Wolseley Hornet, etc., and shown in detail at Moseley Stand 485, where you can compare Air and Spring Cushions under equal conditions.

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The finest light car in the world!

The light car you have been waiting for is at the Motor Show this year. A light car built with all the thoroughness and hand-built precision of the famous Golden Crossley. The Crossley 'Ten' is no mass produced 'small' car, but a light car scrupulously tested—part by part—by the Crossley standards of performance. A light car capable when fully loaded of doing a comfortable 65. A car with ample room for four passengers and luggage—untiring to drive—remarkably economical—easy to control. This is the light car you have been waiting for—the leader of its class. Four forward speeds (twin-top)—large variety of colour and design—safety glass—real furniture hide upholstery—9 foot wheelbase. See it at Stand 83, and write now for full particulars to the address below.

*At the Show you will also see the
Silver and Golden Crossley . . .*

Numerous refinements of detail have been incorporated in the 1932 models, placing them even further ahead of any other car at that price.

THE NEW CROSSLEY 'TEN'

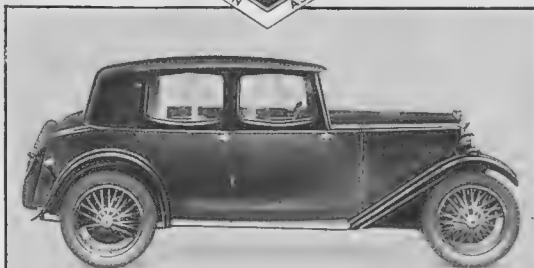
Family Saloon - - - - -	£265
Semi-Sports Saloon - - - - -	£275
De Luxe Family Saloon - - - - -	£288
Sports Tourer - - - - -	£295
Semi-Sports Coupe - - - - -	£310
Silver Crossley Saloon (15.7 h.p.) - - - - -	£495
Golden Crossley (20.9 h.p.) - - - - -	£575
Super Six Limousine or Landaulette (7-seater) - - - - -	£875

The prices quoted are ex-Works. Dunlop tyres standard.



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The "Plus-Ultra" Monaco, £298
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Next year will be a year of Economy — it's got to be! Not a year of "No spending" but a year of wise spending! "No spending" would prove as fatal as unrestrained extravagance—wise spending, individually and Nationally, will prove to be our Country's and our own salvation. "Wise spending" in Motoring means essentially the purchase of a car which in operating for your convenience and pleasure will perform its task on a minimum outlay—

SUCH IS THE RILEY!

Its Tax, Insurance, Petrol and oil consumption are low! It gives a length of service unequalled in the Motor World to-day.

Its reliability ensures such freedom from trouble that the average cost of running it over an average mileage of 10,000 miles is a little under 2d. per mile!

By acquiring it you will ensure a standard of safety which no car lacking an experience of strenuous tests on road and track such as the Riley has, can possibly offer you—that means safety in emergency and an insurance against the costly trouble which so frequently follows inability in this direction.

And finally, its slow depreciation and the policy behind the car ensure for you a constantly recurring opportunity of commanding "top price" on a re-sale!

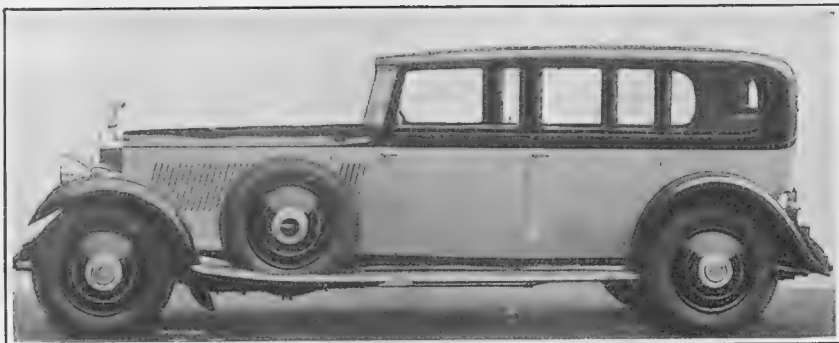
And with all this you will possess a car of unequalled individuality and performance—a car that will promote in fullest measure that pride of possession which is more than half the joy of Motoring—a car that it is "such fun to drive!"

That, in a word, is why you must not fail to call at "the Blue Spot at Olympia," or if not there to write us for literature or to arrange a demonstration.

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY
AND 42 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

at the "Blue Spot" at Olympia

STAND 106



THE "HOOPER" ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE
On 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis

To Messrs. Hooper, the eminent firm of coachbuilders one can always safely look for examples of all that is best and most exclusive in conception and design, and, on this occasion, it will be granted that they have excelled themselves. On their own stand they show a most attractive four-seater saloon limousine on a 40-50-h.p. Double-Six Daimler. In spite of its luxurious comfort and lavish appointments this is essentially an owner-driver creation and, as is always the case with Hooper products, every-thing is done for his convenience, especially in such matters as tool storage, etc. Again, on the firm's own stand is to be found a magnificent seven-seater enclosed limousine de ville on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis. A feature of this is the extremely clever and practical arrangement of the head extension, which can be opened or closed from the driving seat in no more than 15 seconds, and is claimed to be a considerable advance on anything that has yet been done in this detail. A third very beautiful creation takes the form of a four-seater saloon limousine on a Rolls-Royce Continental chassis.

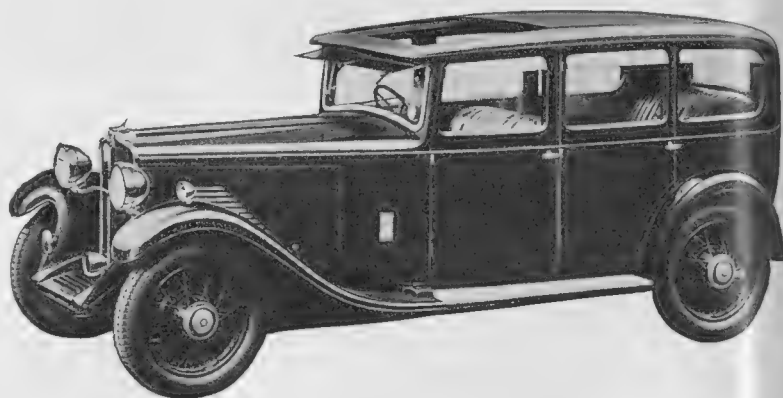
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Sparkling plugs are by no means spectacular—indeed the less you have to do with them the better. Moreover, they all look very much alike. But that does not alter the fact that between the best and the next best a great gulf of difference in results is fixed. The writer is enthusiastic upon the behaviour of K.L.G.s, because one set of them, with a single treatment of cleaning and point-trimming, has recently completed three years' service and a full forty thousand miles of hard work. That is the

sort of behaviour that is easily to be appreciated, and if they had cost five times as much as they initially did they would still have been very cheap. It is very nice to feel that whatever else may go amiss the plugs will never give cause for anxiety and that, literally, once fitted they can be forgotten. K.L.G.s have lately come out with a new and very useful type of general utility plug, known as the K, which is already deservedly popular. It suits most engines.

* * *

A quite new motor-car, which is all the more welcome since the class to which it belongs, and which it adorns, is not too populous, is the Comet Star. As a most handsome and commodious close-coupled saloon, with thoroughly up-to-date lines and impeccable finish, the Comet is priced at £345, which is definitely very good value for money, since every detail in both chassis and body is of the *de luxe* order. The main design follows that of the well-known Eighteen, Twenty-one, and Twenty-four models. The engine is of just over 2 litres capacity, a 6-cylinder with over-head valves, rated at 14.9-h.p., and giving an easy 50-b.h.p. when required. It is in one unit with a four-speed silent-third gear box, to the rear of which the transmission follows standard lines. Central change is adopted. The whole car, though modest in weight, is remarkable for its sturdy strength, and certainly no fault can be found with its performance. Its standard equipment is well out of the ordinary, for it includes a four-wheel hydraulic jacking system, the value of which, on occasion, cannot be over-estimated.



THE STAR COMET EIGHTEEN

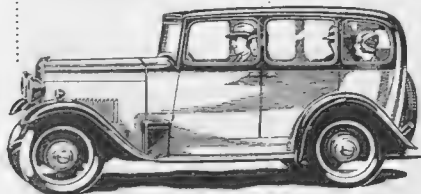
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such QUALITY—VALUE—
WIDE RANGE of MODELS

SEE —at such LOW PRICES

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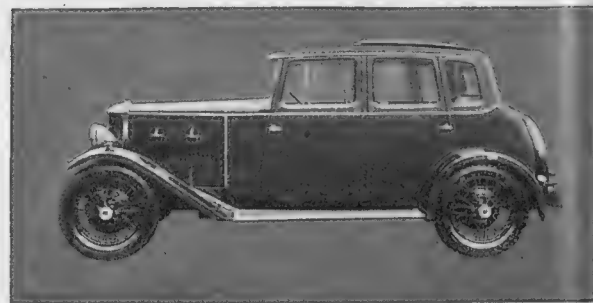
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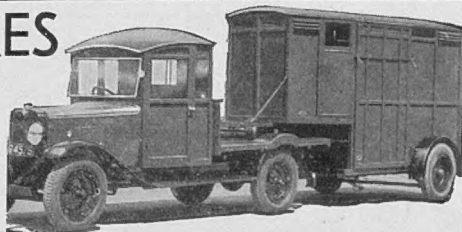
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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

With the approach of autumn and the possibility of fogs or heavy mist, the R.A.C. is putting into operation again its scheme for the supply of fog discs to members. The scheme proved extremely popular last year when it was first inaugurated and over 200,000 discs were distributed during the winter. The discs are made of specially prepared amber paper; they are made in two sizes and are packed in sets of four, thus providing for both head- and side-lamps. They are lightly gummed on one side for securing to the lamp glasses and are designed for temporary use only to enable a driver to get to his destination. Supplies of the discs will be available at all R.A.C. branch offices and in all R.A.C. road telephone boxes.



MRS. JOHN STIRLING-GILCHRIST'S HOUSE-PARTY AT LARCHWOOD PARK, HORLEY, SURREY

Left to right: Captain J. Stirling-Gilchrist, Mrs. A. J. Cronin, H.H. Princess Alliata Duchess of Salaparuta, Mr. Peter Henniker-Heaton (sitting), Lady Sermonda Henniker-Heaton, Dame Odilia Stirling-Gilchrist, Mr. A. J. Cronin, Donna Topazita Alliata di Salaparuta, Mr. R. F. Strutt (grandson of Lord Rayleigh), and Miss Mary Henniker-Heaton. The car in the background is a Rolls-Royce

In his preface to "Speed," the biography of Sir Malcolm Campbell, Mr. J. Wentworth Day, of the "Field," says that when the transition from the Horse Age to the Motor Age is analysed in future history, Campbell's name will stand with that of Stephenson. "This is a bold statement to make of one motorist in a world which holds so many motorists," he says, "yet consider the achievements of this man. He has thrown the inheritance of a brilliant brain, the creation of a lucrative business, the possession of a large fortune, and the risk of his own life completely and without hope of personal gain into the building, designing, and driving of motor-cars which have set up more world's land-speed records than have ever stood to the credit of any one man before. Malcolm Campbell at the present day is a national hero. And, unlike some heroes, he is a national asset—an ambassador not only of trade, of Imperial prestige, but of the spirit of manliness and adventure." The book tells the story of Campbell's life from the days when a youth

called Malcolm Campbell was fined 30s. in Bromley Police Court for riding a bicycle at what the magistrate described as a totally unnecessary speed of twenty-seven miles per hour. "We hope this will be a lesson to you not to travel so fast in future," added the magistrate. After Campbell left Uppingham, he went to Germany, where he took up bicycle track-racing. Speed became almost an obsession. That was the beginning of his career of speed. Mr. Wentworth Day graphically tells of Campbell's amazing adventures. There is hardly a page without a thrill; if it is not to tell of speed records at Pendine or Daytona, then it is the Treasure Island-like story of Sir Malcolm's voyage to the Cocos Island with K. Lee-Guinness on a search for £12,000,000 lost treasure.



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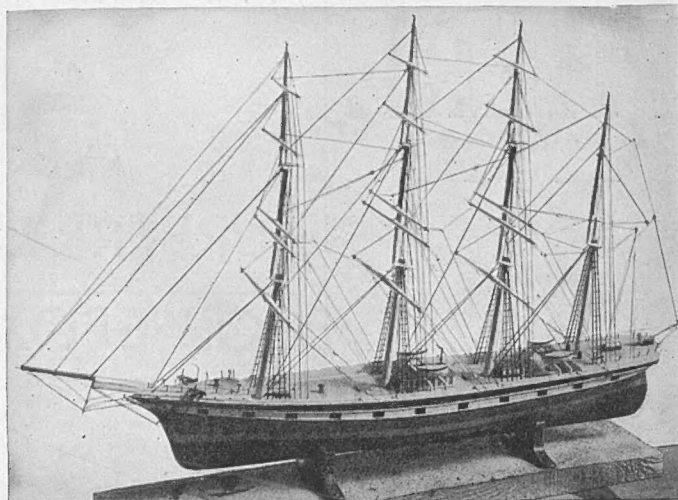
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The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylae" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, are being made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). All reproductions of "Thermopylae" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium. Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

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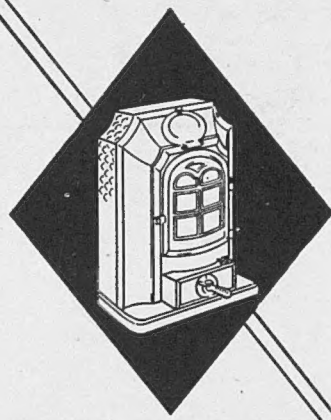
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- Lord Bob :** "What wretched luck! Instead of looking forward to winning a fortune, I suppose you now have to pay."
- Sir Edward :** "Not so bad as that, Bob—I still win about £2,000."
- Lord Bob :** "How on earth did you manage that, with your second 'leg' scratched?"
- Sir Edward :** "It seemed quite simple; immediately my Cesarewitch horse came home I consulted 'Duggie,' and am pleased I took his advice."
- Lord Bob :** "How interesting! What advice did he give you?"
- Sir Edward :** "He quoted the old proverb, 'There's many a slip,' and as my Cambridgeshire horse was then 100/8, he advised me to lay £25,000 to £2,000 against it."
- Lord Bob :** "So for the moment you became the bookmaker. Did you have any bother?"
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